

Catholic Digest

25¢

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 7

JUNE, 1943

No. 8

Little Town With a Big Heart	1
Road Across the Andes	3
Shangri-la in the Pacific	6
The Complete Cook	8
The Church Will Save France	14
Henry Cardinal Manning	16
Cooperation Builds Men	19
Parish Priest of the Pacific	21
Shakespeare on Confession	25
Sunday Mass Becomes a "Talkie"	28
How to Sneeze	31
Voice of Unshackled France	33
The Atom Bears Witness to God	35
Ahsahwaince, His 100 Years	39
War as a Judgment of God	43
Madame Chiang Kai Shek	46
The Primacy of the Spiritual Order	49
America's Passion Play	57
Poland Fights for Life	61
Nun's Escape	65
The Good Acre	69
I Served on Bataan	72
Italy from Within	77
Fighting America's War at Home	82
Religious Freedom	85
You Can't Beat the Dutch	92
Nazi Art Collectors	95
Portrait of a Gentleman	97
China Builds for the Future	103

CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The Ascension of the Lord was the confirmation of the Catholic faith; for we may firmly believe that one day we, too, shall be given a share in this wondrous gift, the effect of which we have even now perceived.

St. Augustine in Matins, Octave Day of the Ascension.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG.
41 E. 8th Street

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class
matter, November 11th,
1936, at the post office
at St. Paul, Minnesota,
under Act of March 3rd,
1879.

Copyright 1943 by The
Catholic Digest, Inc.



Published also in a Braille
edition at a cost of \$10 per
annual subscription, donated
by friends of the blind.



Indexed in the
Catholic Periodical Index.

The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3.00 the year—2 years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

Editor: Paul Bussard
Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton (in the service),
Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Jerome T.
Gaspard, Harold J. O'Loughlin.

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



Catholic Digest

Vol. 7

JUNE, 1943

No. 8

Little Town With a Big Heart

Perpetual surprise party

By HELEN HOVER WELLER

Condensed from *Liberty**

On the night of Dec. 17, 1941, excitement ran high at the North Platte, Neb., station, a Union Pacific division point. A special troop train carrying a contingent of the town's own soldier boys was due to pass through from their eastern camp to the West. All day long the people had been preparing for the event, and boxes bulged with candy, cakes, and cigarettes for the boys.

In the happy group that jammed the small depot no one was more thrilled than 26-year-old Rae Wilson, a drug-store salesgirl whose big brother commanded one of the companies on the train. When the train finally grunted into the station, the crowd yelled impatiently for their boys to disembark. Out came the commander, but he was a stranger. The Nebraska troops had been rerouted through the southern states, and this was a Kansas outfit. Women began to cry.

Then someone in the crowd yelled, "Well, what are we waitin' for? Wel-

come to our city, sons, and here's a little something for you." Suddenly everyone began passing out his gifts. When the train pulled out a half hour later, the boys, crammed with food, cigarettes, and the impulsive hospitality, were cheering.

As Rae Wilson walked home, an idea began to take shape. Why not meet all the trains going through North Platte and give other boys the same sort of send-off?

The next morning she took time off from her job and got busy. She called practically everyone in town, asking merchants for candy, magazines, tobacco, and anything else they could give; lining up housewives to contribute cakes and cookies; and getting younger women to promise to be on hand at the station to dish up coffee and conversation for the boys. When the next troop train pulled in, the boys, glumly anticipating an uneventful stop-over, were greeted by a crowd of smil-

*205 E. 42nd St., New York City. April 10, 1943.

ing young women and a regular canteen in a workshop near the depot.

Since troop trains stop at any hour, Rae organized the young women into shifts to serve from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. But should anyone hear the rumble of a train after that hour, the canteen "regulars" are awakened and rush, sleepy-eyed but eager, to dispense coffee, gifts, and a home-town welcome. When men on special troop trains are not allowed to dismount because of the short stay, the women barge into the cars carrying baskets of food and cigarettes.

It was soon apparent that the little workshop could not serve the needs of the canteen, so Rae collared William Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific (and now rubber czar), on his next trip through town. A few days later he closed the sunny depot lunchroom to the public and turned it over to the canteen. Now serving 1,000 men a day is nothing for North Platte, and once they took care of 7,500 men in a single day. Not bad for a town of 13,000!

Last summer Rae Wilson moved to California for her health and Mrs. A. M. Christ, wife of a freight conductor, took over. But the whole town pitches

in and no one person wants to be singled out for praise. Last November, Father Patrick McDavid gave 12 turkeys and 60 pies to the canteen. And just as he was sitting down to his own Thanksgiving dinner he received a call from the canteen that the turkeys had been finished off. Much to the dismay of his housekeeper, he had his turkey placed back in the pan and hurriedly carried it over to the canteen. A yardman's seven-year-old son saved his pennies and proudly contributed ten chocolate bars. There is not a housewife whose kitchen isn't steaming every day with a fresh batch of goodies for the boys. Instead of exchanging gifts last Christmas, the high-school classes of the town brought their presents to the canteen.

It is just a small town with a dusty railroad depot. No highfalutin ideas. No millionaires. Just plain folks. But it is now hailed by servicemen throughout the country as the bright spot that reminds them of home, as they pass through on their way to other destinations of war. And its "morale center" was born of disappointment, a town's simple generosity, and a smart girl who welded it into shape.



Survival of the Weakest

A seed catalogue says that if you wish to develop new and beautiful varieties, you must save the weak seedlings. The strongest seedlings are pretty certain to come true to type.

From Opinions of Oliver Allston by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton, 1941).

Road Across the Andes

By DEMETRIUS MANOUSOS, O.F.M.Cap.

Monks were the only bidders

Condensed from the *Cowl**

On Nov. 9, 1906, John Barrett, U. S. minister to Colombia, addressed the National Geographic Society. Colombia, he said, was a veritable paradise for hunters. Jaguar, puma, bear, amarillo, and tapir roamed its tropical and semitropical forests. Alligators infested the rivers. Boa constrictors crawled through the wild vegetation of the lowlands, and in the higher and more temperate country were tigers and mountain lions.

In the same year, a few months before Mr. Barrett made his speech, Father Fidelis of Montclar arrived in Colombia as the first Capuchin superior of the new prefecture apostolic in the wilds of Caqueta. Father Fidelis could hardly have realized what lay before him when he left Spain and his brethren of the Catalan province. Now he saw that he must be not only an apostle, but a statesman as well. He approached the national government with a plan for settling Caqueta. If the government would build roads and encourage immigration, the vast resources of Caqueta would be open to the nation, and the missionaries could build schools and churches for the Indians.

Missionary work would be impossible without roads. Indians were scattered over 28,000 square miles of wilderness. Unless civilization were

brought to them, they would never be brought to Christ.

Colombian officials approved the plan. They commended Father Fidelis, but when he asked for financial support, they shrugged their shoulders. Colombia was still recovering from a civil war which had resulted in the death of more than 100,000 men, and had impoverished the nation. The president, General Rafael Reyes, was struggling against discouraging odds to bring his stricken country back to normal.

Father Fidelis could not abandon hope. If the government would not build roads, the Capuchins would. He appointed three of his confreres for the task: Father Stanislaus of Las Corts as engineer, Father Andrew of Cardona as construction foreman, and Father Florence of Barcelona as administrator.

The project was to build a road from Pasto, a city approximately 150 miles from the seacoast, to the Putumayo river. If one examines a topographical map of South America, he will notice that because of the proximity of the Andes to the Pacific ocean, many of the larger rivers flow inland rather than toward the nearest ocean. That is the case with the Putumayo, which becomes a navigable river about 200 or 300 miles from the Pacific and flows inland along the Colombian border

*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N. Y. April, 1943.

into Brazil, where it unites with a branch of the Amazon.

In building the proposed road the Capuchins would open a trade route that would cut clear across South America. River boats could navigate the length of the Amazon and Putumayo. Communication from Pasto to the Pacific was already established. The new road would effect communication between the ocean and the Amazon river.

Once the missionaries had begun work, the project caught public fancy. Many came forward to offer help, and popular enthusiasm rose to such a pitch that the government changed face and made an appropriation for the enterprise, stipulating that the work remain under direction of the friars.

Actual construction involved appalling difficulties. Since the road crossed the Andes not far from the equator, the laborers had to overcome both mountainous terrain and tropical climate.

At one point the road had to cross the Tortuga river. Not only was the river far below the level of the road, but because of erosion there were few places suitable for a safe roadbed. Father Stanislaus overcame the difficulty by dividing the road into 12 sections so that it meandered down into the valley, crossed the river at the most convenient place, and ascended on the other side back to the desired level.

When the missionaries reached the Putumayo, 134 miles of completed road wound behind them. They had

proved their plans practical, and Father Fidelis could approach the government more confidently. This time his plan was to found towns in the newly opened territory and to encourage immigration. Caqueta was rich in natural resources: gold, oil, lumber, and farmland.

The government responded, and soon towns sprang up, Sucre in the Sibundoy valley, Alvernia, on the Caqueta river, Port of Umbria near the gold mines of Sambico, and Puerto Asis at the end of the new road on the banks of the Putumayo. Sucre rapidly developed into an important city with the largest church in the mission, and Puerto Asis became a commercial and school center. Other towns which would not have been founded were it not for the missionaries were Puerto Ospina and Caucaja.

Although the natural barriers to Colombian trade by way of the Putumayo had been overcome, political obstacles remained. A large tract along the Putumayo's banks was claimed by both Peru and Colombia. Ancient documents regarding the boundaries of the two countries disagreed, and during the last 50 years Brazilian and Peruvian rubber companies had been working plantations in the region.

The dispute came to a head when the Colombian authorities accepted Father Fidelis' suggestion to send a lawyer with one of the Capuchins to Manáos in Brazil. The idea was to establish direct commerce between Puerto Asis and Manáos under a Colombian firm. Father Caspar of Pinell,

destined to be the mission's first bishop, left with the lawyer. At Manáos they prepared to return with the first boatload of Brazilian goods. Everything proceeded as planned until the Peruvians, who claimed the right to control the river, turned them back.

Colombia protested, and the two nations agreed to settle the difficulty diplomatically. By the treaty of Salomon-Lozano the Putumayo was proclaimed a free international river. The territorial dispute was also decided in favor of Colombia, and a Capuchin was officially appointed to accompany the Colombian commission.

Today Puerto Asis is the port of call for trading vessels from Brazil, Peru,

Ecuador, and Colombia. The Capuchins have extended their mission into the once-disputed territory, and, what is most important, Father Fidelis' farsighted plans have proved fruitful. The Indians are more prosperous, for the new industries provide employment; more healthy, for the mission boasts hospitals as well as dispensaries; more civilized, for the new towns made schools possible; and are dearer in the eyes of God, for the saving waters of Baptism were brought to them over the road across the Andes. If Colombia is no longer the hunter's paradise described by Mr. Barrett 36 years ago, the Capuchin missionaries are largely responsible.



A Wraith of Citro-Carbonate

Once we attended a seance in the darkened parlor of a private home. It was attended by some dozen believers, men and women, each of whom had paid \$3. The medium was a fat, dowdy woman, with several front teeth missing, and when she came near, you detected the fragrance of ectoplasmic mystery which might, however, have been common gin. Whenever she spoke, she whistled her *s's* through missing teeth, and several times she modestly hiccupped.

In the course of the seance, several wailing women and weeping men called upon her in the blackness to bring the ghost of Soldier George and Aunt Martha and Little Annie back to earth. And each time, from a misty wraith of a shape, came the voice of the lost ones, "This is George talking to you, mamma." "This is Aunt Martha, dear sister." It seemed to us odd that the ghosts of both George and Aunt Martha should whistle their *s's*, but our surprise and sorrow reached its height when we distinctly heard the ghost of Little Annie belch.

Ernest L. Meyer in the *Progressive* (22 March '43).

Shangri-la in the Pacific

By Chaplain John E. Leonard

Martyr's monument

Condensed from the *Tablet**

This is a letter to the author's bishop in Brooklyn. The island is somewhere in the South Pacific.

A few days ago a contingent of armed soldiers was sent to scout a nearby island. I was fortunate in being allowed to accompany them. When we arrived we were met by a native who volunteered as guide. We marched about an hour. Our journey took us through the heart of the native village. It looked deserted. When we reached a point a quarter mile outside the village we stopped for a rest.

During the rest period I went up to our guide and asked him if any of the natives were Catholics. He answered very proudly, "We are all Catholics." I then told him I was a Catholic priest. When he realized what I had said, he put down his gun, grabbed my hand and covered it with kisses. Then he ordered an about-face and we all went back to the village.

When we arrived there, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Priest, priest!" Out of nowhere, it seemed, appeared hundreds of natives. They formed a long line, each one awaiting his turn to kiss the hand of the priest and receive his blessing. They wanted to know when I would be able to say Mass in their village; whether I would be able to bring them medals and rosaries and prayerbooks. It had been six

months since they had seen a priest.

That priest was Father McMahon, from somewhere in Canada. He had taught them to speak English, and to say their prayers in Latin, designating one of the men to baptize infants. Six months ago he was on one of these islands with our native guide when the Japs arrived. Both the priest and the native were immediately taken captive. One night Father McMahon arranged for the native's escape through the jungle, but refused to go himself. Our guide finally managed to get home. He has heard since that Father McMahon was killed.

Two days later I returned to the island, alone. They had posted a sentry to await my arrival and announce my coming. Within an hour all the people had been summoned from all corners of the island. The youngest were infants; the oldest were ageless. As a matter of fact, it has been five years since they have had a death on the island.

Their church is a work of art. Even though they had not had Mass there for many months, the altar had been kept spotlessly clean. Freshly cut flowers had been placed there every day. A picture of the Sacred Heart hung over the altar—it is their pride and joy.

They set up a place for me to hear confessions. Everyone of them who

*1 Hanson Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. March 27, 1943.

had reached the age of reason went gratefully. Luckily I was able to combine my English, Latin, and smattering of French to make confession possible.

When Mass began the church was crowded to capacity, men on one side, women and children on the other. When I reached the Gloria, the whole congregation joined in the singing without benefit of musical accompaniment. It was beautiful, and so unexpected. Throughout the whole service they joined in public prayers and singing. Before the prayers after Mass they listened attentively to a short sermon. It was like preaching to a group of saints. After Mass they recited Post-communion prayers publicly for 20 minutes. Not one left the building until those prayers were completed.

A visitation of the sick was next on the schedule. One woman, 91 years of age, was crippled in both legs. She felt that now she would be "O.K." because Mass had again been said on the island.

The rest of that day was declared a holiday. Back on the beach the women formed a large circle; for the next two hours they sang native songs. While this was going on, the men formed another circle and asked innumerable questions about America. They were amazed when they heard there were so many priests in that "foreign" country. They could not believe that the people there had the opportunity of attending Mass any or every day of their lives.

Too soon my boat arrived to take me back to camp. They urged me to return in the near future. Whether conditions will allow another visitation is difficult to tell. But that day in my priesthood is one I shall never forget. The work the missionaries have done here is beyond all description. Each one of these natives is a jewel in the crown Father McMahon must be wearing in heaven. Though he has left this world, his spirit will always live among a grateful people on that little island.



Debate at a conference over which he was presiding became very heated, and several times former Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller found it difficult to be completely impartial. But he was succeeding admirably when one of the delegates launched a vehement attack upon universities and education in general.

"I am thankful," the delegate asserted, "that I've never been corrupted by contact with a college!"

This was a little too much for Justice Fuller.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that the speaker is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Yes, you can put it that way if you wish," came the reply.

"Then all that I can say," the Justice remarked in his quiet way, "is that the member has a great deal to be thankful for."

Quoted from the *Apostle* (April '43).

The Complete Cook

By JOHN ERSKINE

Kitchen = art studio

Condensed from a book*

When we propose that cooking should be taught in our schools by professional cooks, quite as competent as the football coach, we may expect opposition from those who talk of culture, by which they mean degrees and barnacles. They wouldn't let Escoffier himself teach cooking in their school unless the poor fellow first took their lecture courses; the best cook in the world couldn't communicate his art in an American school unless he first proved he knew also some things which his colleagues would be capable of understanding. This in institutions which pretend to concern themselves with all the arts and sciences! If those professors who believe that the arts can be taught by talking and learned by listening remain stubborn, I'd put cooking in the athletic department, where the demands of so-called culture are not allowed to interfere with honest work. In football, basketball, baseball, swimming or track a successful result is wanted, and if the coach can't produce he gets fired. Did a domestic-science teacher ever lose her job when it was discovered that a pupil could pass her course and still not be able to cook?

But I mustn't put on the schools the entire blame for this nation-wide ignorance. The schools, I believe, could correct it gradually, working on suc-

cessive younger generations and leaving the elders to wallow in their miserable condition. Something can be learned from horrible examples. The plight of the elders is demonstrated, in my opinion, not only by the domestic-science cooking they support and pay for, not only by their contentment with their own inadequate cooking, but by the newspaper and magazine departments which dispense advice on how to cook in the home. These departments or columns wouldn't be maintained if any of their large number of readers asked whether the advice handed out was based on experience. In rare instances a well-known chef gives his recipes to the public through a newspaper, but in most cases the cooking column is conducted by anyone around the office willing to try it. Friends are besieged over the telephone for a recipe to fill out a paragraph. Knowledge of cooking is a prerequisite neither in friend nor columnist, nor even interest in the food mentioned. I know one column which is run by a vegetarian. I know a columnist, a woman, who became a cook after she had handed out considerable advice, and then only by an accident which might have been a tragedy. She asked chance acquaintances for favorite recipes and printed whatever they said. One reader, as trusting as herself, tried out a recipe

*The Complete Life. 1943. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 355 pp. \$3.

and all but died. The newspaper was threatened with a lawsuit. From then on the columnist sampled the recipes herself beforehand. It cost time and put a strain on her health, but she learned to cook.

Many of us Americans have encountered fine cooking only in the homes of the wealthy or in expensive eating places where a foreign chef presides. It is therefore a deep-rooted conviction among us, mistaken but firmly held, that good cooking is more expensive than bad. The truth is that all great national cuisines have been developed not among the rich but among the poor—that is, in households which, lacking quantity and varieties of food, learned to delight the palate by seasoning each dish and by contrasting flavors between one dish and another. The best seasoning is still the herbs found in the fields or raised in the garden. French or Spanish peasants, Chinese or Mexican farmers perhaps developed their distinctive cuisines without realizing the soundness of the instincts they followed. Food, to be satisfactory, must be not only nourishing but pleasant to eat. Correct flavoring is essential to the pleasure, and the pleasure is essential to the nourishment. What we don't enjoy eating does us little good. We could all eat less and get far more out of it if even our simplest meal were, as it easily might be, well-cooked and well-flavored, and successive dishes made a symphony of taste.

Though our country in all sections is rich in food materials, some states enjoy an especial prestige for fruits,

wheat, vegetables, or meat. Few states, however, are equally famous for skill in cooking what they produce. But there are exceptions it would be unjust to ignore. Excellent cuisines can be found in San Antonio, Texas, and in some other places in that state, particularly along the Gulf of Mexico, where marvelous fish is cooked to perfection. In New Orleans there is the incomparable Antoine's, one of the great restaurants of the world. Other cities will rise up against me for not mentioning good eating places which I've omitted. My own town, New York, I leave out; the neglect may be a form of boasting. If I don't make myself a guide to fine cooking in San Francisco and Los Angeles it isn't because I haven't been there or am unappreciative. In spite of the exceptions my main point is true: the quality of our food exceeds our skill in preparing it. Without a knowledge of cooking and a sensitiveness to a meal as a work of art, no man or woman makes the impression of complete culture, and it is with cities as it is with persons. If I have two friends, both widely traveled, both college graduates, one of whom is able to tell whether his food is properly cooked, and why it is or isn't, and chooses the right sequence of flavors; the other content to feed at a lunch wagon or out of tin cans at home—I know which man is completely cultured.

By probing a little I can see if the principles of good cooking are in them. These principles are few but very important. All cooking is a matter of time. In general, the more time the

better. Cooking also is a matter of heat; just how hot the fire should be is as important as just how long the food should be on it. If you order your boiled eggs by time alone, you're not much of a cook. "Three minutes?" asked the boy at the lunch counter, and you probably nod consent. Why don't you ask him how hot the fire is? An egg boiled very slowly at not much more than a simmer becomes a different egg from one blasted in a fierce bubble, as though cooking could be done on a blowpipe. And good cooking is a matter of flavoring.

Some dishes of course must be cooked fast, some meats especially. If your Texas filet is served entirely unburned on the outside but dry and hard throughout, you know it has been on the fire too long and the fire hasn't been hot enough. You can draw conclusions also from the absence or presence of grease on your plate. Few of us know the difference between grease and gravy. There should never be any grease. If you fry bacon, drain the grease off each piece after it is cooked by letting it rest for a minute on soft paper. Bacon without grease is a titbit.

Whether or not you go in for sauces or gravies is a matter of taste, but an inflexible rule of good cooking prescribes that the gravy should not be used as an incompetent carpenter uses putty and paint, to hide a bad job. If meat doesn't satisfy without the gravy, your cooking is a failure. The sauce or gravy should supply a flavor worth while in its own right.

Do you know how to broil chops?

Most housewives think they do; but the result I've encountered is the meat of the chop cooked dry and perhaps tough, while the fat on the edge has been cooked into a grease, conveyed to your plate for the chop to float in. The right way is to stand the chop up on the bone side with the rim of fat near the flame, so the fat can melt and run down over the meat into the broiler below. Then brown the chop quickly on both sides and serve. The meat will be tender and there won't be any grease.

Can you make an omelette? There are many kinds of omelette, and all are excellent, except the kind you get in most American restaurants. We usually turn out an omelette which is a fair substitute for a piece of meat, being quite solid and of substantial weight. If that's the effect you wish, why not boil the eggs hard or fry them stiff? The labor and skill which go into a good omelette have for their purpose the production of a dish delicate in flavor and weight, something which, as we say, will melt in the mouth. You can't make that kind of omelette by the slow process. It must be an improvisation, a *tour de force*.

All first-rate omelettes are made with speed and dash. The eggs must be fresh and they must be thoroughly beaten. Whether you should beat the whites and yolks separately or together is disputed. I beat them separately and then mix them pretty thoroughly before pouring into the frying pan, or whatever you cook the omelette in. The pan should be of heavy iron: you

need enough metal to hold the heat, because the cooking is done on the pan rather than on the stove. When the pan is very hot, put in sufficient shortening to swish around and grease the whole surface, sides as well as bottom. I use butter, but it's tricky because you must pour in the beaten eggs before the butter starts to burn. Rotate the pan, holding it in your left hand. If you rotate steadily, the omelette will float on the butter and slide off when you want it to. You learn by practice when the omelette is done, but a good sign to go by is black smoke rising from the edges. It is a signal to slide the omelette on a platter, folding it over when the sliding is halfway finished. If you don't wish to fold it over, you can have a hot oven ready and stick the pan in for 30 seconds, just long enough to brown the top.

If the school your children go to doesn't yet provide sound teaching in the art of the kitchen, start it yourself. The knowledge of correct egg boiling, they will probably feel, is too elementary; chop broiling, on the other hand, is rather high up in the art, and omelette-making is higher still. Begin with a simple exercise in flavoring. Tell the children that lunch will consist of a baked potato, to be cooked and flavored by themselves. Mention the flavoring to encourage them, and promise that if they don't like the taste they may change it to suit their individual palates. By bringing the seasoning into the foreground you emphasize what makes cooking an art and eating an intelligent delight.

Let the children put the potatoes into the oven and watch the clock for an hour or slightly more, the oven being at a good heat. If the potatoes are not thoroughly baked, the children will at least have learned something about the importance of time and temperature. Slice off one side of the potato. I'm now talking to the children. Dig out the potato and mash it, softening with butter and a little milk. Then fry three slices of bacon for each potato, almost to burning, and drain the strips on a sheet of paper till there is no grease. Break up the bacon into small particles, using a fork. For each potato put a small onion through the meat chopper, taking care not to lose any of the juice. Mash into the potato the onion, the onion juice and the particles of almost-burnt bacon, mixing thoroughly. Then put the mixture back into the potato skin, butter it, and brown slightly in the oven.

If you like the onion flavor, try less burnt bacon. If you prefer burnt bacon, try less onion. Diminish the flavor you do not like instead of increasing the flavor you do.

These recipes, though I use them myself, are offered merely to illustrate elementary principle. Chop broiling involves correct application of heat, omelette making is a question of time, much or little, and the baked potato is, as I said, an exercise in flavoring. So far I presume as an amateur to discuss the general subject, but since I'm not a professional chef nor even an all-around amateur cook, I refer you to those who really know.

A word of caution may be inserted about all cooking advice, beginning with my own. There are two kinds of cookbooks, those written by experts who, like other artists, have a personality, a consistent philosophy, a point of view; and those put together by connoisseurs of food who do not themselves cook and who therefore gather recipes from various sources on no unifying principle. From these anthologists we can learn of excellent dishes but not the art which invented them.

Everyone has to some extent and for some purposes used a hammer and otherwise handled tools; most of us have at least once or twice planted flowers and vegetables; practically all of us have on occasion cooked. We are ready to profit by seeing an expert do well what we perhaps do awkwardly. Cookbooks of the kind I mentioned first, the kind written by practical authorities, may be divided into those intended for you and me and those intended for experienced chefs. You and I, amateurs though we are, can learn from the advanced as well as the elementary texts, but we'd better begin with the elementary.

There are many such good books. The mark of all is that they teach one the essential processes which no cook, domestic or professional, can afford not to know. I use *The Boston Cooking School Cook Book*. We go to such a work to correct our methods, to simplify them, to get new ideas. In the early stages of self-education we learn most by consulting recipes for dishes we think we already can prepare.

Since flavoring and mixture of flavors is the essence of cooking, we can't get far by preparing only separate and unrelated dishes. *The Complete Menu Book*, by Gladys T. Lang, has given me many ideas about meals planned as a whole. It is in all respects an excellent cookbook, but it is a grade higher than the sort of text which imparts fundamentals; its service is to stimulate the imagination toward the combination of flavors which, though they are familiar, are rarely brought together.

Among the most advanced works is, of course, Escoffier's book, a classic. Others, of great value, have not been translated and are difficult to secure. I prize the *Guide du Maitre-d'Hotel et du Restaurateur*, by J. Rey, a supreme chef whose sons have carried the family skill to various parts of the world. As the title shows, the book is designed for headwaiters and all who know thoroughly the art of the restaurant, yet it contains suggestions of amazing simplicity, illustrating that economy of means which distinguishes all art and fine cooking in particular, and reminding us that an educated palate likes an understatement in the seasoning.

You and I know that egg poaching is a fool-proof operation a child can do. You drop an egg into boiling water, move the water off the fire, let the egg cook as the water cools, and what you get is called a poached egg, a rather tasteless morsel, if the truth is faced. Particularly on dining cars.

Notice what Rey says about poach-

ing eggs. It is well to use a poacher, to shape up the white of the egg and to get the whole thing out of the water when it's done. Rey suggests also that we put into the water salt and vinegar, to hold the egg together and season it. But there should be more seasoning, and he suggests herbs in the water as it comes to a boil, tarragon or mint or whatever you prefer. I like basil myself, and chervil is excellent. An egg poached in slightly salted water, with

a sifting of your favorite herb and a dash of vinegar, is a tantalizing mystery, a smooth astonishment.

Whether we become good cooks, remember, depends on our ability to correct ourselves by the examples of the masters. We learn from them the elementary processes: how to season; the sequence of dishes and flavors which are necessary for a distinguished meal. Chiefly we learn to have ideas of our own.



In 1853 a parish priest of Oratow, in the Ukraine, was stripped of his sacerdotal dignity, convicted of murder and condemned to Siberia for life. The priest's gun, used in the slaying, was found hidden behind the high altar of his church.

"I assure you I am innocent," the priest told the court, and that was his only defense. He was led away in chains while his bishop and his parishioners stood weeping.

Twenty years later the parish organist lay dying. He called for the village magistrate, and told him before many witnesses that he was guilty of the murder for which the priest was sentenced. The organist had killed so that he might marry his victim's widow. He secreted the gun and directed the police to it. Overwhelmed by remorse, he had visited the priest in prison and had confessed, but he lacked the courage to admit his guilt to the authorities.

The priest had known through confession who was guilty. But he preferred to pass as the criminal himself rather than break the seal of confession. An order for the release of the priest was rushed to the Siberian prison. But it was too late. Worn out by his sufferings and hard labor, the priest had died a few weeks before, carrying his grim secret to his grave.

Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve quoted in an N.C.W.C. dispatch (25 April '43).

The Church Will Save France

By VINCENT J. RYAN

Condensed from the *Universe**

Jerusalem turns again to God

The writer of this article, formerly a *Universe* correspondent, was studying in a seminary in Northern France when the Germans overwhelmed the French Army. His fellow students were interned; he, as a citizen of Eire, remained free. He went to England recently by way of Paris, Marseilles and Tunis.

On Christmas eve, 1940, I walked through the snow in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Through misty trees over the Seine I saw crowds, German soldiers and Frenchmen and women, pouring into the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was France's dark hour.

A bishop, his hands clasped, spoke from the high altar. "France has fallen; our country is filled from end to end with broken hearts. But we shall be saved. We shall be saved by our faith. Such is the record of the centuries."

Again on Christmas day, I walked through the streets with these thoughts in mind. French leaders have awakened: there must be a new French Revolution, a spiritual one. The idea of God was legally removed from the schools in 1880; France was officially impious. And this is the root cause of her downfall.

I looked at people near me. Before, they had taken life easily, gaily; now they hurried past me worried and anxious-looking; food was hard to get, every day meant hunger; friends and relatives were in prison, or taken to

work in Germany; were wounded or even dead; laws were severe and arrests frequent. Those who were Alsations suffered more than the rest.

I talked to the man in the baker's shop. He had no illusions; he was neither the slave of a party nor in the hands of a committee. He was very sure about it. "Our life just now has but one aim, desire for freedom. We are not discouraged; our attitude is rather one of great indignation at the way we have been betrayed. No matter how long the war lasts we know our inner core is good; it is the outer core, force, fraud, false promises, the power of money and ignorance, that we must smash. Whatever be the changes we may have to endure, our national character and ideals will remain."

Evidence was daily given by the stern opposition to the demands of Caesar that suffering has enormously stiffened French morale. On the surface no interference has been made with religious life. This, however, is more a theoretical than a real toleration. The Germans say, in effect, "We give you all you want, provided you give to Caesar what is Caesar's." Unfortunately, those interests often intermingle. Germans will not allow Catholic youth movements, nor will they permit publication of pastoral letters protesting against mistreatment of Jews.

*Field House, Brems Bldgs., London, E.C. 4, England. March 5, 1943.

Nevertheless, the idea of God has once more reappeared in the schools, and nuns may teach in their regular habits. Marshal Petain, in his frequent messages to the people, strongly denounces the moral evils of the past. "Politics in France were a fevered unleashing of personal ambitions, a permanent excitation to hate and division. We have indulged in selfish pleasures, and now we are paying."

What can save France? The Church alone; the teaching of eternal principles of justice and charity to all without distinction. She sees the opportunity. Catholic Action has been reorganized and increased.

Journeying from Paris to Lyons, from Lyons to Marseilles, and afterwards in French North Africa, I met many chaplains of the newly-created *Chantiers de Jeunesse* whose fine work in teaching moral principles to the youth of France has received unstinted praise. Great publicity has also been given to the government's avowed intention to base the new social order on recognition of the family as the foundation and mainspring of society, and to help it flourish under the best conditions.

Politicians may do as they like, but the illusions of the ordinary man of France have vanished forever; he is sick to death of the procession of corrupt politicians who so long under-

mined the whole social scene. It augurs well that, since the Armistice, there is a definite absence of any anticlerical or communist tendencies.

Here, a personal note. On a Sunday in June, 1941, I was cross-bearer in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament which wended its way around the streets of the town of Tournus, Saône-et-Loire. It had been a hotbed of communist activity previously. We expected bottles to be thrown at our heads, for this was the first time since 1870 that such a procession had been allowed in the town. But there were no signs of disrespect from any quarter and there was no incident.

In poverty-smitten Marseilles months later I assisted in the cathedral one morning in the distribution of books on the African missions of the White Fathers. The result was phenomenal; every book was taken.

The position of the Church in France is yet, of course, too obscure to prognosticate with any certainty. So much depends on political happenings. Violence may break out when peace and freedom comes—violence against traitors, and leftist tendencies may gain temporary power. So far, De Gaulle is the man who claims most popularity.

France in the past has done much for the cause of freedom; today Europe looks to her to again restore men's spiritual outlook.

◆

Buenos Aires was originally christened Puerto de Santa Maria de los Buenos Aires, in honor of Our Lady of Fair Winds, the patron saint of sailors.

The Pan American (Jan. '43).

Henry Cardinal Manning

By PHILIP HUGHES

He did not build on sand

Condensed from the *Lamp**

The life of an Englishman, it has been said, does not proceed according to any predictable route. Cardinal Manning, one of the greatest of an age filled with great men, exemplifies this English unexpectedness.

Henry Edward Manning was born in 1807 of wealthy London parents. His father was a notable ultra-Tory and strong reactionary in the victorious war against Napoleon abroad and the equally insistent war against the democratic movement at home. The religion of Manning's home was that of the official church, and the section of it—the Evangelical party—furthest removed from Catholicism.

In these unpromisingly wealthy and anti-Catholic, upper-middle-class surroundings the future Cardinal democrat was bred. He was sent to Harrow, whence have come such prime ministers as Peel, Palmerston and Winston Churchill; thence he passed to Oxford. Here began one of the great and lasting friendships of his life, with William Ewart Gladstone, then, like Manning, a Tory, but in later life to become the first prime minister conscientiously Liberal.

From Oxford, Manning should have gone with his friends into public life. But at this critical moment of his career, his family lost its wealth. The event shook Manning's soul to its

foundations; he began to reconstruct his religious life, resolved to dedicate himself to God, and was presently ordained by the Church of England.

Manning's career in the national church filled all the years of his early manhood (27 to 44). He gave himself to the life of a country parish in the lovely south-coast country of Sussex, and at an unusually early age he was named to the high post of archdeacon, the second person in the diocese. Like almost all the clergy of that time, he married; and then, after two short years of happy marriage, death took his wife, one of the loveliest women of her time. The death of his wife was a great grief. Though Manning rarely spoke of her, never a day passed, to his own death, that he did not pray from her little book of prayers written out in her own handwriting. Manning gave himself with renewed fervor to the active work of his charge, especially to preaching. The Oxford Movement advanced; its chief leader, Newman, growing less and less certain that the national church was the church of Christ, and more and more fearful that the only true church was the Catholic Church of Rome. In a memorable hour, Newman made his submission. Six years later (in 1851) Manning followed.

He had reached middle life, and

*102 Ringgold St., Peekskill, N. Y. April, 1943.

now all was to change. Hitherto he had worked in the country, now in the great cities. So far he had been a national figure, but from the moment of conversion the nation turned from and refused to know him, and his old friends looked upon him bitterly.

In compensation, he became an international figure. In the closing years of his life, he regained his hold upon the nation, not merely members of the national church, but the great masses, and politicians and men of affairs. He was recognized, in the words of a non-Catholic historian, as "the greatest Christian of his age," occupying by common consent a place in the life of modern England which no Catholic bishop has had, before him or since.

It was good for the Church that the converted archdeacon attracted the favorable attention of two high personages. One of these was Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster and first metropolitan of the restored Catholic hierarchy in England. The other was the reigning Pope, Pius IX. Manning became Wiseman's fast friend, and his principal ally in Catholic reorganization. And with Pius IX also his relations became close.

When Wiseman died in 1865, Pius IX, despite general opposition, named Manning. He had shown himself a zealous missionary in the slums, and at the bidding of Wiseman had founded a new congregation of priests for this special work. He had begun the great fight to secure appointment of Catholic chaplains to the army, prisons, poorhouses, and orphanages; and he

had assisted Florence Nightingale, the great pioneer of scientific nursing, in serving the British armies in the Crimea.

A person of titanic energy, inflexible courage, and cool, clear statesmanship, with the authority and prestige of an archbishop and cardinal, Manning forged ahead with even greater zeal, while year by year from his busy pen came works of devotion, controversy, and studies on critical questions of the day.

But these great gifts were not restricted to the 1½ million English Catholics. The time was critical, midway in Pius IX's long reign. The age-old political structure of Italy was being destroyed, and not only were the Papal States conquered but the Catholic Church was suffering everywhere. Monasteries were dissolved, properties sequestrated, works of charity disorganized, schools disrupted and exercise of Church jurisdiction hindered. Upon this spectacle Europe gazed, chiefly anxious as to profit, and while in the Protestant countries there was general indifference, in Catholic lands sympathy was invariably conditioned by politics.

This crisis in external affairs was paralleled by internal controversies. New methods of study in philosophy and theology, and the new critical history caused an immediate division between Catholic thinkers and apologists, in France and Germany especially. Also the struggle, never dormant since the great Revolution of 1789, between rival theories about the nature and

powers of the state, and the relation of the Catholic state to the Catholic Church, revived with its old violence. And to add a final dose of mischief, the old theological discussion as to relations of episcopate *vis-a-vis* Apostolic See were renewed. After 15 troubled years Pius IX brought Catholic dissensions to a head in a general council in the Vatican (1869).

In renewed activity of all parties, once the council was announced, a setting was created against which only a singular figure could stand out and retain his individuality. In as decisive a test of any man's quality as the greatest of international crises could be, the genius of Manning rose to the occasion. He dominated the whole Catholic scene and the Vatican Council and in it proved himself one to whom it has been given to alter for the better the aspect of a whole world by the persuasive force of a personality dedicated to God.

Life after such achievement might seem fated to be a long anticlimax. But for such a man the great event was but a task accomplished which other tasks crowded, no less urgent if less spectacular. As against great achievements as a bishop, the churches, schools and colleges he built, and his ceaseless insistence on the rights of the Catholic citizen, the Cardinal, in the last 20 years of his life gave himself above all to the cause of the oppressed. He became once again a leading figure in English life. He was a most zealous crusader against drunkenness, and against the trade in immorality. He

was no less active publicly in the movement to extirpate the least vestiges of slavery. He was frequently consulted by the Irish bishops and the Holy See in every stage of the long Irish crisis, and the counselor of the government also.

But the work in which above all Manning stands out as pioneer, and which places him beside Von Ketteler and Leo XIII himself, came from active understanding of oppression under which, everywhere, laboring classes of the world were suffering. He was one of those whom the Pope consulted constantly when preparing the *Rerum Novarum*, and one of Leo's strongest allies in his great social effort.

All his long life the oppressed poor had haunted Manning. Early he had realized that it was an injustice to be righted, rather than of charity to be given. The great encyclical of Leo, coming in the last few months of Manning's life, must have made him very willing to say *Nunc Dimittis* as the shades at last closed around him.

He still had time and strength to present the encyclical to Britain with a resounding declaration: "Since the divine words, 'I have compassion on the multitude' were sounded in the wilderness, no voice has been heard throughout the world pleading for the people with such profound and loving sympathy for those that toil and suffer as the voice of Leo XIII."

And Manning's own comments on the social crisis are worthy to be set beside the Pope's own fearless words, "Where there is no proportion, or no

known proportion, between enormous and increasing profits and scanty and stationary wages, to be contented is to be superhuman. Property is more vital to those who have little than to those who have much. The rich may take great losses and yet have enough to live; but they who live always on the

brink of want are ruined by one privation. There can be no home where a mother does not nurture her own infant; and where there is no home there is no domestic life, and where the domestic life of a people is undermined, their social and political life rests on sand."



Cooperation Builds Men

By DANIEL MACCORMACK

Staircase to the stars

Condensed from a radio address*

This is the story of a lonely fishing village on the east coast of New Brunswick, 15 miles from Baie Ste. Anne, the nearest town. Attracted by the rich fisheries and fertile soil, people drifted into Point Sapin many years ago. It now has 105 families. They built a church to which came the priest from Baie Ste. Anne, over 18 miles of lonely forest road. In winter, the place is sometimes cut off from all communication with the outside world.

The workers of the St. Francis Xavier Extension Department first met these people in 1935. At this meeting it was discovered that there were only 12 persons in the community free from debt to dealers and merchants and who owned their boats. In 1937, the work of education began. The 12 free men formed a cooperative which bor-

rowed \$2,000 from the New Brunswick government to rent a lobster factory for the season. Only six boats fished for it. At the end of the season, after paying the regular price for lobsters, it had enough left over to repay the government. But permission was secured to apply the fund instead toward purchase of a factory.

A few years before this there were six lobster factories on the beach at Point Sapin, owned by outside companies who came in for the lobster season with their boats, traps, crews, and even cooks. They made their big haul and then went away. The people of Point Sapin were glad to work as hired hands for these companies. In 1942 there were two factories, one the cooperative with 40 boats, the other an old-line factory with six boats. Thus,

**Trans-Canada Catholic Hour. Radio League of St. Michael, Toronto, Canada. April 11, 1943.*

in five years the situation was reversed.

In 1941 the cooperative lobster factory did a business of \$38,000. In addition, the members engaged in production of pickled mackerel and cod, which were new ventures. They bought salt, flour, and fishing equipment cooperatively. Meanwhile they discovered other assets in the community. They had great cranberry and blueberry areas. They formed cooperatives for both, each of which did a yearly business of about \$5,000. Last year cooperative business totaled \$50,000. They now have their own truck and \$3,000 in their credit union. They are planning to open a cooperative store soon and to expand operations to include other lines of fish. They are also making arrangements to electrify the community and have a big program for improving their homes.

Success in these ventures stimulated the people to build spiritually and culturally. In 1940 they were assigned a resident pastor. He pitched into the work of education and helped develop their cooperatives. Grateful for his

presence, the people built him a house costing \$4,000; then also put up a convent, costing \$8,000, and brought in teaching Sisters. At the same time they built a new school, with two departments and an auditorium. Up to then, formal schooling had been intermittent and in consequence a large percentage of the people were illiterate. The Sisters not only conducted classes in the school, but started an adult-education program as well. A night school was opened. In 1941, 60 adults learned to read and write. In addition, the young women were taught handicrafts and home economics. Music was also taught, and for the first time Point Sapin got a church choir.

Today the people of Point Sapin have a new spirit. They hold their heads high. They are not only enthusiastic about the things they have done, but thrilled at the speed of accomplishment. They have great visions for the future. They see how the great natural wealth that God put everywhere can be turned to the use of man in his climb upward to the stars.



I had been an agnostic; an atheist, if you will. I am not sure I am using either term correctly. I imagined that I doubted the existence of such a being as God. I reasoned further, when religion was mentioned, that God never had done much for me in my life, so why should I go through the motions of worshipping Him? The most I could salvage for myself from these gloomy thoughts was that I at least had never been a hypocrite.

Adrift, I pondered one night on an expression I had heard somewhere out in the Southwest Pacific: "There are no atheists in the foxholes of Guadalcanal." I can tell you now that there can be no atheists in rubber rafts amid whitecaps and sharks in the equatorial Pacific.

From *We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing* by Lieut. James C. Whittaker (Dutton, 1943).

Parish Priest of the Pacific

By SÉUMAS MacMANUS

Exile of Erin

Condensed from the *Father Mathew Record**

Poet, author, playwright, Séumas MacManus began writing at the outset of his career as a schoolmaster in Ireland. He made his first trip to America in 1899, subsequently contributing to American magazines, and has been visiting America every winter as a lecturer. His production of books and other writings, mainly about Ireland, has been continuous since 1893.

In the pearl-gray dawn of a beautiful December morning we sighted the port of San José de Guatemala hiding in its coco palms. From the background of a 12,000-foot mountain range the picturesque smoking twin volcanic peaks of Agua and Fuego pierced the blue sky; in front curved a miles-long chocolate strand (of lava dust) from which the longest pier I have ever seen ran far into the ocean. The city was a diminutive one, of about 2,000 to 2,500 inhabitants, and the importance of its pier came from the fact that it was the seaport for the capital, 80 miles inland, over the mountains.

Going to mail a letter, I found the post office of this little city had the quaintness, primitiveness, and informality of many little country post offices in Ireland. The postmistress was gracious, and for your purchasing some centavos' worth of stamps showed gratitude as if your happy coming had saved her office from suspension.

On the farther side of the plaza was

a little church, shabby, dilapidated, half the shingles of its roof curled with the heat, many of them gone. I crossed over to it. Before the door two dirty, barefooted little ragamuffins pommelled each other, knocked each other down and rolled over in the dust, as earnest about the fight as if it were a daily duty. Within, praying silently, devoutly, were half a dozen *mestizas* (young girls), each with a bit of black veil pinned on her head; old women, shawled; and one poorly dressed man with a deep-lined face, who, in a corner, was in rapt devotion that plainly lifted him high above the world and its miseries.

Before the gorgeously crowned Virgin was a rusty stable lantern. On one side of her stood St. Peter Claver, and on the other, St. Anthony. Four floral decorations on her altar had been placed in bottles conveniently supplied by passing ships; and to heighten the decorative effect the earnest souls who had decked her altar had left the labels intact. One vase advertised "Haig and Haig," another "Gilbey and Holland's London Gin." The stations of the cross were obviously homemade, crudely painted by some sincere soul who, you could not help feeling, had perhaps by his awkward effort better pleased the Lord than did even Leonardo da Vinci, and perhaps better awakened the wor-

*2 Capel St., Dublin, N. W. 8, Ireland. March, 1943.

shiper's spirit to a sincere devotion.

As I quitted the church, there burst out of the doorway of the adjoining house a noisy crowd of barefoot urchins; and from the door, looking after them, and calling admonitions in Spanish, a low-set, gray-haired, careworn old priest in shabby greenish-black soutane with much soiled, light-tan pants beneath—pants that ended too soon and left eight inches of leg showing above the tops of the plaited grass slippers. I entered the green gate in the low, green-painted fence (a color rarely used in these tropical countries) and approached the little man standing in the green-painted doorway. I saluted him in the few Spanish words that I knew. "*Como esta usted, Padre?*" His reply, "*Muy bien, gracias a Dios, Señor,*" I managed to comprehend. But then I shook my head, apologetically saying, "*No hablo Español.*" And, turning to a language of which I knew just a sorry smattering, I asked, "*Comprenez-vous français?*"

"*Oui, monsieur. Je le comprends.*" He led me into a modest sitting room and put me into its best chair—at least a chair not so bad as the others—while he seated himself in a chair entitled to be called an armchair, as it still had a surviving arm. He asked, "*Comment vous appelez-vous, mon ami? D'ou venez-vous? Moi, je suis le curé de cette ville, le Padre Thomas O'Hanrahan.*"

I sat up in astonishment. O'Hanrahan! "Why," I exclaimed, "your forefathers must have come from Ireland."

In rich midland brogue he replied,

"Come from Ireland they never did! Faith, they lived their lives, and died, there. But myself, I come from Mullingar; did you ever hear of it? More by the same token, you're no Frenchman yourself with all that far-down brogue!"

As delighted as I was amazed, I fired a barrage of questions. But he was more anxious to ask than to answer. He said, "I'm here waiting on God's will. But tell me, were you ever in Mullingar? How does it look? What are the priests in Ireland like now? Do they still wear the castor hats going to the bog on a sick call? Are they for Ireland or England? Have you landlords yet, or did you shoot the last of them? Do the turf boats still go down the Grand Canal? And is it jaunting cars you still have?"

"Why don't you go back?" I asked. "Why did you never go back?" He cast a quick glance at his shabby cassock, and answered: "Ach, why don't I get down the moon and stars to light my church?"

I inquired how he had got dropped into this God-forsaken little place, between desert and deep sea. "Oh," he said, with a sigh, "it's a long, long story that would take longer to tell than you have time to hear." But he told me of wanderings that had brought him round the world. He had been taken off to school in Paris when he was a lump of a *buachal*. After that, he finished his studies in Rome: and from there went to Tasmania, Australia, New Zealand—all in his priesthood career. For his health it was then

found he should go to a tropical country of high altitude, and he went wandering till he found himself in Nicaragua; then in Guatemala City, where he got to be a teacher in the seminary. There he spent half a lifetime. When he was getting old, and it was time for him to retire from teaching, he was for journeying off again; but the Bishop, who wouldn't hear of his leaving him completely, planted him in this sleepy little Pacific village, where his time was devoted to the young people—and old, too. The wave of children I had seen rolling from his door came to him every afternoon for instruction, spiritual and temporal. Then he had groups and clubs of the elder boys and girls, whom he tried to train in the way they should go, and with these and the adults, Indians, Negroes, Spanish, his hands, the Lord saw, were full enough, leaving him small time to brood. He was a part of the landscape now, "like an old fir root in the Bog of Allen—and just about as ornamental. But let us talk about Ireland, instead of wasting our wind on the old caricature that I am. How do the bogs look? I'd give a year o' me life to see a turf boat go down the Grand Canal. Tell me all the news there is. Have you got John Bull out of Ireland? And do you think you'll be able to keep the old bodach out? God send, but the fellow's got a hungry maw! Has Mullingar got an M. P. of its own now? Who's M. P. for Westmeath? Tell me everything."

When I would leave, he came with me to the little gate. "You see." He called my attention to the fence. "I

have it painted green. And look at my door, green, too! Just to let them all know!"

That reminded me. I said, "Yes, and I saw St. Patrick in the church. What do these people know about St. Patrick, or what interest could they have in him?"

"Oh, I let them know who Patrick is. And I take good care not to let them forget that if they want to be sure of heaven they'd better have him on their side!"

The sound of singing voices arrested my attention. "What is that?" He said, "Pass this side of the plaza, and along the street to the left, right on your way to the pier, and you'll see the singers still on your left. It's the girls practicing hymns for the New Year's eve service. God go with you." Then he blessed me.

A passing glimpse into a poor frame house, on the street he had indicated, showed me a large group of black-haired, round-faced, bright-eyed *jovenitas* in their teens, Indian, half-Indian, and white girls, singing hymns in chorus. The singing was touchingly beautiful, and still more beautiful because of the quiet and repose.

The ship's doctor laughed heartily when I told him of my discovery in San José. He knew well the Padre Thomas: "Everyone that ever sailed the Pacific knows him. It's from them, not from his poor congregation, that he gets the offerings that keep the life in him and hold the four walls of his church together. He gets help from Jews, Protestants, and atheists. Every

hand on every ship on the Pacific knows Padre Thomas, and many a hard-boiled sailor who sails the ports of the world will kneel to his priest and tell his sad story only when his ship calls at San José de Guatemala; and so with the Marines of the U. S. Navy. Do you know, we had a Presbyterian lady passenger once when we came around here, one of the narrowest and strictest disciples of John Knox that I ever met with, who had a holy horror of these Catholic countries and their many saints. Well, I sprung Padre Thomas on her before she knew it, and left him chatting with her, and the finish of it was, that stiff-necked Calvinist wouldn't quit the harbor till she had gone to Padre Thomas' church and said a prayer!

"Everyone, both on ship and shore, always brings his troubles to the padre. He rules the port and everything that comes into it. He settles disputes, quells fights. He could drive a crowd of riotous Navy men back to their ship when their own Marines had failed to do it. He's everything in the port, statesman, commandant, police guard,

and judge. The sailors and Marines always want to give the padre the menagerie of monkeys and parrots and birds of paradise from Panama, Colombia, and the equator which they had bought for their girls at home."

Late that evening we cast off from the pier to resume our Pacific tramp. For some unexplainable reason the padre had not visited the ship and ship's officers, an unprecedented thing. But when we had got away, had turned the ship's prow from the land, westward, and were a furlong off, and I was fascinatedly watching the sun like a chalice on the rim of the ocean, one of the ship's officers who had his back to me at the rail, gazing through a glass at the volcanoes, interrupted my study. "Here," he said, "quick! Take these glasses and look to the pier!"

What I saw was a little flat-hatted man, with light-tan pants showing under a green-black soutane, standing on the very edge of the pierhead, his cane raised aloft, waving farewell to the ship he had missed. It was the Parish Priest of the Pacific!



The bride tottered up the aisle on the arm of her father, who was wheeled in his armchair by three of his great-grandchildren. She was arrayed in white and carried a big bouquet of white rosebuds; her hair, though gray, was bobbed and she smiled and nodded to acquaintances. The groom was able to walk unaided, with the assistance of two handsome mahogany crutches. His head was bald, and his false teeth chattered a little nervously. They were the couple who waited until they could afford to get married.

Quoted by John S. Brockmeier in *Western Catholic* ed., *Our Sunday Visitor* (18 Apr. '43).

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
to NEW Subscribers

9 Months for only **\$2**

Send THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

41 EAST EIGHTH STREET

ST. PAUL, MINN.

To _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Please send for *Start with month of* Please send for
6 Months for \$2.00 () _____ **24 Months for \$5.00 ()**

Special rate, 12 months \$2.00, if sent to servicemen in U. S. Camps



Paper shortage is making it increasingly difficult to be sure of getting your copy, unless you are on our subscription list. You can be, if you just fill out this insert and give it to your news dealer, or put it in an envelope and mail it in to us.

Government orders restrict the number of copies but they do not restrict the excellence of the content of the CATHOLIC DIGEST: the best of hundreds of publications, condensed and published for you in easy format. Be sure you are sure of regular copies in the future.

THE EDITORS

Shakespeare on Confession

By MERLIN J. GUILFOYLE

Condensed from the *Monitor**

In the past, people used to argue about Shakespeare's Catholicism. Some said he was a Catholic and some said he was not. Those who said he was not will probably be surprised to learn that he can teach them how to go to confession, and that they ought to go. Thus:

When Hamlet attempts to impress upon his mother the gravity of her sin, he says to her: "Confess yourself to heaven; repent what's past; avoid what is to come." In these words of the Danish prince is an analysis of the sacrament of Penance.

The first element in any act of sorrow is to admit guilt. King Claudius is certainly conscious of his sin.

*O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;
It bath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder.*

The sinner turns to prayer, but is still conscious of his unworthiness.

*Pray can I not
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.*

He next becomes mindful of the boundless mercy of God:

*What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's
blood,*

*Is there not rain enough in the sweet
heavens*

*To wash it white as snow? Where to serves
mercy*

But to confront the visage of offense?

The king recalls that the purpose of prayer is twofold, to avoid temptation and to beg forgiveness.

*And what's in prayer but this twofold
force.*

*To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look
up;*

My fault is past.

In the judgment of Hamlet, King Claudius has made an act of perfect contrition; the prince is convinced that the repentance of his uncle has taken away his sin and for that very reason he postpones the killing in order that the king may not die in the state of grace. Hamlet recalls that his own father was killed without a chance to prepare his soul for the sudden death and "how his audit stands who knows save heaven?" He is therefore unwilling to avenge his father while the murderer is prepared for heaven.

*And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No! Up, sword!*

He decides to wait until the king is in the state of mortal sin, when he is

*about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;*

*125 12th St., San Francisco, Calif. March 27, 1943.

*Then trip him, that his heels may kick
at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and
black
As hell, whereto it goes.*

Thus Shakespeare understands well the nature of contrition, or sorrow for sins, and so Hamlet admonishes his mother with Catholic words, "Repent what's past." The prince likewise says to his mother, "Confess yourself to heaven." The word does not mean the blue sky. People outside the household of the faith sometimes say that they confess to the open sky. This would be all right if Christ had not said to His ambassadors, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

When Shakespeare speaks of confession, he means the tribunal of Penance, the declaration of sins to a priest. And thus Romeo says, "Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell." The word *ghostly* is old English for *spiritual*, and even today many an Irish voice comes through the dark of the confessional, "Bless me, my ghostly Father." Therefore Romeo says to the nurse of Juliet:

*Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence's
cell
Be shrived and married.*

Shrive means to cleanse, and thus it is that the day before Ash Wednesday is called Shrove Tuesday, since it is the day for cleaning house in preparation for the season of Penance.

Finally Hamlet says to his mother,

"avoid what is to come." Sorrow for the past must always look to the future; contrition implies a purpose of amendment. It necessitates a removal of the occasion of sin. King Claudius himself expressed this conviction in his prayer of contrition.

*But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my term? "Forgive me my foul
murder?"
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my
queen,
May one be pardon'd and retain the offense?*

Shakespeare knew that the confessional is an indication of the final judgment of all men at the end of the world. He knew that there will come a time when dishonesty and bribery will be uncovered, when that "which is heard in the ear, will be preached on the housetops."

*In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compel'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our
faults.
To give in evidence.*

Unthinking people sometimes imagine that by some special password the priest can forgive sins, without any co-operation from the sinner. Shakespeare was not so foolish and he made the king say:

*My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:*

*Words without thoughts never to heaven
go.*

Shakespeare realizes that all sin is an offspring of pride. Therefore the remedy of pride is a wholesome humility, an appreciation of our sinfulness.

This is the reason why Catholics go to confession; it is the secret of the way which Christ Himself designated as the way back to God.

*Help angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with
strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!*



Speed Anyhow

I often admire the efficiency of the modern world. It does not know where it is going, but it is going there very efficiently.

From Old Principles and the New Order by Vincent McNabb, O. P. (Sheed, 1942).



Psychiana

As a member of the largest and most honored religious body in the country, I resent the insults that are flung in my face nearly every time I pick up a newspaper or a popular magazine. I resent them because they are an affront to my intelligence and a scandal to all my non-Catholic friends. The real Protestant resents them even more than I.

I mean the advertisements telling you that a gentleman in an Idaho hamlet actually and literally talked with God. Abraham, Moses, the prophets, Job, the array of saints and martyrs—why, God wouldn't bother about making any revelations to the orthodox. Revelation was reserved for a drug clerk in Moscow, Idaho.

According to the advertising of the erstwhile clerk, he now has a beautiful home, a beautiful car (presumably with a C card for gas), life insurance, a bank account that would startle you; in short, he is endowed with practically every material blessing, including ownership of a newspaper. He had none of those good things a dozen years ago, when he was unaware of the "God-Law" and the "God-Realm."

This organization, for a sum of \$20 or \$30, is prepared to make you anything you want to be, or show you how you can get anything you want. Barnum must be whirling in his grave.

Q. M. Phillip in the *Grail* (May '43).

Sunday Mass Becomes a "Talkie"

By GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

Condensed from the *Epistle**

The Dialog Mass, begun slowly with permission of individual bishops, has now encircled the globe. Recently the Bishop of Bourges, France, has ordered it to be taught and established everywhere. This seems to be the first instance of a bishop ordering instead of only encouraging it. The Dialog Mass is both something old and something new.

Part of the Dialog Mass procedure, this common responding of all in making the short responses, is something very, very old, which, having died out in quite recent times, in the terms in which Catholics count the long lifetime of the Church, is now being revived. So the novelty is only relative. *This* phase of Dialog Mass St. Augustine or St. Gregory I, St. Dominic or St. Francis, St. Thomas or St. Ignatius would have regarded as traditional, customary, Catholic. The modern restoring of the full, pre-Reformation concept of Catholicism includes this bit of restoration also. But there is something quite new about Dialog Mass. As far as my knowledge goes, the common or joint recitation with the priest at Low Mass of such parts as the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus or Agnus Dei, as a regular feature for lay participants is new, and was previously not known in the almost 2,000 years priests and people have in the Eucharist re-

newed the work of our redemption.

Is Dialog Mass something American? In the sense that it is suited to the mood and temper of a young, hustling, go-getter temperament, it could be styled as American as a soda fountain. In the sense that it is rapidly making its appearance in practically every corner of America, it can be said to respond easily to "Americanization." A little over a year ago Archbishop Curley of Baltimore-Washington expressed it as his view that within ten years the Dialog Mass may well be our normal form of Low Mass on Sundays. But Dialog Mass did not originate on American soil, or as the product, in the first instance, of American thinking. It was, to speak paradoxically, born in different places about the same time, in Belgium and in Spain, perhaps also in France. That is to say, it is something born of an idea expressed very forcibly by Pope Pius X in November, 1903, which, germinating in men's minds in different places, came to birth about the same time in the localities indicated.

The idea responsible for the Dialog Mass, enunciated with world-wide publicity by Pope Pius X shortly after his accession, was that the laity again be given the chance to sing Mass, "because active participation in the Church's worship is a foremost and

*117 E. 57th St., New York City. Spring, 1943.

indispensable font of the true Christian spirit." It would follow from this, as priests were not slow to see, that, if people do not take an active part in the Church's worship, they are cut off from a foremost and indispensable fountainhead of the spirit of Christ! Well, for High Mass the people can be given once more their chance to sing, to take an active part by singing, but, after all, High Mass nowadays is the exceptional Mass. The vast majority of modern Catholics are seldom at High Mass. Are they to be cut off permanently from active participation in *their* Mass, and so correspondingly impoverished in the Christian spirit? Isn't there a way of applying to Low Mass the papal principle of active lay participation? Priests in Belgium and Spain, and perhaps elsewhere as well, began modestly experimenting with selected congregations, such as convent and boarding-school groups.

The two names which later on were to be applied to the slowly emerging type of Mass worship, Dialog Mass and *Missa Recitata* (Recited Mass), themselves indicate two avenues of exploration, two fields of experimentation. The server at Low Mass makes about three dozen responses to the celebrant. Formerly the congregation itself made these responses. Here was an obvious possibility. What 3rd and 6th and 10th and even 16th-century congregations had done to everyone's satisfaction, would seem to be equally feasible for 20th-century groups also. So, in modest fashion, all began to be invited to make the *Amens* and other short responses,

along with the server. Then, too, the whole papal program for chant restoration had in mind to give the people a chance to sing the unchanging parts of the High Mass chants, "as was the case in former times." Well, if these chants were to be made available for congregational singing at High Mass, and on the lofty spiritual principle that active lay participation is an indispensable source of the Christian spirit, then it would seem to be tapping this same fountain to have the Low Mass congregation recite in unison what the Church wants them to sing at High Mass. So, one by one, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus-Benedictus and Agnus Dei were added to the recitation repertoire of the layman in the emerging Dialog Mass.

To ask what advantages Dialog Mass has over the silent Mass is much like asking the advantages of the talking cinema over the silent. But Mass is not entertainment, and so ought not be discussed in terms of the theater. It was on the score of greater active lay participation in the Mass that Dialog Mass was introduced, and active lay participation was termed by Pius X in 1903, and again by Pius XI in 1928, a foremost and indispensable font of the true Christian spirit. It is on this basis that it must be appraised. Dialog Mass is usually judged to be much more engaging than the silent Mass; Dialog Mass does make the Mass "come to life," "go faster," "be more understandable," but it is not to be prized for these reasons only. Its chief value lies in the basic fact that it, as a

Maine pastor put it, "does away with the grandstand and bleachers, and puts everybody into the game." Its chief worth is this changing of heretofore "detached and silent spectators" into attached and vocal participants. The responding and reciting in unison is found to be a living, pulsing bond, not only between priest and individual worshiper (for, in a sense, there is really no *individual* worshiper any more), but between priest and people, young and old, capital and labor, native and foreign, yes, even between white and Negro, or Axis and United nationals. Yet more, all, priest and people, are again conscious that they are all together joined with Christ, through Christ, and in Christ, doing the holiest thing they can perform, as the Council of Trent said of the layman's participation in holy Mass.

Are there texts provided for Dialog Mass? Yes, in abundance. Many leaflet publications are arranged for just that purpose. Better still, many missals, the St. Andrew, Father Stedman's (some editions), *The Leaflet Missal*, to name

leading ones, are arranged for it.

How long does one have to train for Dialog Mass? Here, as elsewhere, natural, spontaneous growth from simple beginnings to more complex accomplishment is the painless method. Most priests inaugurate it (after preliminary instructions), at the Kyrie, skipping the difficult prayers at the foot of the altar. Barring the response, *Suscipiat*, 17 Latin (or Greek) words will provide no less than 28 vocal links with the altar and with one another between the Kyrie and the end of Mass. Little by little, the longer recitation elements, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus-Benedictus and Agnus Dei, can be added as the congregation is able to take them in stride.

How much does this use of dialog and recitation add to the length of the ordinary Low Mass? Clockwise, so to speak, it need not lengthen the Mass more than three to five minutes, depending on the care with which it is directed, and the skill of the congregation. Three minutes is not very much time.



Beginnings...XLVIII

TENNESSEE

First priest: Chaplains of the De Soto expedition in 1540.

First Mass: Probably by the above-mentioned chaplains.

First Baptism: Apparently by Father William Rohan in 1789-1790.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

How To Sneeze

A sneeze is a sneeze is a sneeze

By D. P. MACSHEAHAN

Condensed from the *Cross**

Some people say, "Excuse me," when they sneeze, others, "God bless you!" Sneezing is apparently something that calls for either apology or blessing. People cough horribly and blow noses and, I regret to say, even spit in public without being excused, much less blessed, and in consequence they are more or less quietly cursed. Yet a sneeze is generally a comparatively harmless thing; as often as not, it is due to some temporary irritation of the nostrils. It may be caused merely by a bright ray of light.

Why there should be such general, almost superstitious, significance attached to a sneeze is hard to say. As a form of self-expression it is more subtly inexplicable than laughter, to which it seems in many ways akin, and which it frequently induces, not only on the part of the sneezer himself but of his audience, too, though some (the same who always scowl at a pun) tend rather to peevishness.

Although regarded as something independent of the will, a sneeze can nevertheless be inhibited. But who cares to inhibit a sneeze, if he can possibly exhibit it? It is a most refreshing affair, and there is nothing so riling as to be frustrated by someone glaring at you. I have often tried to make a subjective analysis of a sneeze, but it is difficult to discover the physical kine-

matics of the process. To say that the fauces are prime movers in the matter does not get us very far.

A sneeze betrays character, or, if you prefer, displays character, just as truly as handwriting or gait or any of those actions that vary significantly in different individuals and refuse to be regimented, no matter how uniform the training. Do not imagine for a moment that every soldier has not his own peculiar gait; and no two school-boys, out of a class coached in the same style of penmanship, will write similar hands. Sneezing, a subject of no curriculum, is essentially characteristic in its expression.

There is, for instance, the fellow who, to put it mildly, makes no secret of his sneeze; he explodes volubly, terrifically it may be, and then waits for the echo or the rebound, or perhaps he is trying to encourage a repeat, to recover the first fine careless rapture, as the poet puts it. He seems to think it funny himself; he is not one of those who call for excuse or blessing—rather he seems to expect applause; but there is a strong tendency on the part of some, at least, of his audience to seize him by the scruff of the neck and throw him out.

Opposite to him is the demure person who confides a sort of suppressed squeak into a handkerchief as if the

*Mount Argus, Dublin, S. W. 7, Ireland. March, 1943.

faucis had got rusty and needed oiling; she, too, however, appears to see something humorous about her performance. Then there is the blunt horse slobber of a sneeze, generally perpetrated by well-grown children; it is the reflex mode, pure and uncontrollable, and leaves the perpetrator with a rather inept expression, showing clearly that the will had nothing to do with it.

The most ingenuous sneeze is the ah-choo; they who favor it are invariably the ones who invoke a blessing. Besides these stereotyped brands, there are various shades of essentially personal sneezes, several of them unique, each in its own way. One of them is the sneeze that definitely begins, then seems to stop and never to finish; it is not that it has been inhibited; no, it is reminiscent rather of the fellow going to bed in the room overhead who drops a shoe on the floor and leaves you waiting all night for the sound of the second one to fall—which never comes, however, because he has only one leg.

On occasion the other person ex-

claims, "God bless you!" when you sneeze. That indicates the infection complex of one who regards a sneeze as a sort of germ-filled bomb that explodes. Then there is the very considerate person who tries to persuade you that you are in for a cold, and asks if you would like the window shut, or will she get you a shawl (if you are a woman) or a drink (if you are a man).

There is no use in offering cures for sneezes, or suggestions for improving them (from the other person's point of view), for who wants his sneeze to be cured, improved, or altered in any way? There are yet a few old-timers left, in fact, who take snuff to promote sneezing, and perhaps they are right; it is probably better to work it out of "the system," although a cold in the head is better worked off in other ways.

Crossing the street was the strange "cure" once prescribed to persons subject to nonstop sneezing in public. The expert sneezer would, however, much rather forge forward, sneezing merrily.



Repartee

Father Healy, of Bray, was playing cards one evening at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, and, having lost a small sum, he took out a handful of coppers and a threepenny piece, whereupon a young peer at the table exclaimed, "Ah, Father, I'm afraid you've been robbing the collection!"

"How clever of Your Lordship to recognize your own contribution," was the quick reply, as Father Healy indicated the threepenny piece.

Eveleigh Nash quoted in the *Irish Digest* (Dec. '41).

Voice of Unshackled France

By WILL FAHERTY, S.J.

Never once more

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith**

Premier Herriot was not a soldier of France during the first World War. He had watched the war from the security of the Ministry of Public Works. Had he wallowed in the grimy trenches of Flanders, or bled in the hellbox before Verdun, he could not have drawn up the document he was holding in his hands.

His cabinet sat quietly, expectant. The premier wanted to discuss something important. What would it be? The occupation of the Ruhr, perhaps, or reparations, or the colonies?

"In 1902 all Religious Orders were exiled from France," he began, with the quiet manner of a modern executioner, who pulls a switch, rather than that of a medieval headsman who wielded a gory axe. "They returned at the outset of the war with Germany. It's about time they started on their travels again. Here's a draft of the proposed Laws on Religious Orders . . ."

Like circular ripples expanding on the surface of a lake, rumor spread that Religious were to go. They had come back from remote mission outposts, when *La Belle France* needed them. That need was past. Veteran Religious who had packed their grips in 1902 began to inspect the railroad timetables for convenient trains to Brussels or the coast.

But one man did not bestir himself.

When the lay brother made his rounds at the Jesuit house in Epernay to turn out lights after night prayers, he noticed Father Paul Doncoeur's room was still bright.

"I guess he can't get to sleep," the Brother said to himself. "The wound he received on the Somme must be bothering him again. Those nine war medals don't seem to help now." He flicked the hall switch and went to bed.

Paul Doncoeur did not realize that the hour of retiring had come. He was writing an important letter, an open letter to the premier of France! He finished the lengthy missive, and signed his name. Then he picked up his letter and read:

"I lived 12 years in exile, from the age of 22 to 34, the best part of a man's life. But on Aug. 2, 1914, I was on my knees before my superior. 'Tomorrow means war,' I said. My superior embraced me and gave me his blessing."

Father Doncoeur paused, looked into the blackness beyond the window, and after a moment's hesitation, went on.

"On crazy trains, without mobilization orders, without military booklet, I followed the guns to Verdun. On Aug. 20, at dawn, before the renewal of fighting, I went out to look for the wounded of the 115th, and advanced beyond the outposts, when suddenly I

**Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. April, 1943.*

was surrounded by the crackling of 20 rifles. I saw my comrade stretched full-length on the ground beside me with his head crushed. The German post was 30 steps away. I felt at that moment that my heart was protecting my whole country. Never did I breathe the air of France with such pride, nor tread her soil with such assurance.

"How I was not killed at that time, nor 20 times since, I do not understand. I still have in my body a fragment of shell received in the Somme. After being demobilized, I committed the crime of staying at home. And now you show me the door!

"You must be joking M. Herriot. But one does not joke over these things.

"Never during 50 months did you seek me out either at Tracy-le-Cal, or at the Fort at Vaux, or at Tahure. I did not see you anywhere, talking about your Laws on Religious Orders, and yet you dare to produce them today!

"Can you think of such a thing?

"Neither I, nor any other man, nor any woman will take the road to Belgium again. Never. *Nous n'irons pas!*

"You may do as you please. You may take our houses. You may open your prisons. But leave as we did in 1902? Never!

"Today we have more blood in our veins, and as soldiers of Verdun we were in the right place to learn how to hold our ground! We were not afraid of bullets, nor gas, nor the bravest soldiers of the Guards. We shall not be afraid of political slackers.

"And now I tell you why we shall

not leave. Dispossession does not frighten us. We own neither roof nor field. Jesus Christ awaits us everywhere and suffices unto the end of the world.

"But we shall not leave because we do not want a Belgian or an Englishman or an American or a Chinaman or a German to meet us far from home some day, and ask us certain questions, to which we would be forced to reply with downcast head, 'France has driven us out.'

"For the honor of France—do you understand that word as I do?—for the honor of France we shall never again say such a thing to a foreigner. Therefore, we shall stay, every one of us. We swear it on the graves of the dead. *Nous n'irons pas!*"

Father Doncoeur slumped into his chair, and fell into a troubled sleep.

La Semaine of Epernay carried the letter on its editorial page the following evening. The Rheims *Matin* featured it the next morning. On the third day Parisians read it on the front page of *Paris Soir*. Premier Herriot was one of them.

There was another meeting of the cabinet. All were expectant as they took their places. Excited gesticulations accompanied widespread questions. Had the premier read the letter of Father Doncoeur? Would he discuss the Laws on Religious as he had planned?

"I have a matter of utmost importance to discuss with you." The premier's words were as studied as the sentence of a judge. "It concerns the recent uprising in Morocco. . . ."

The Atom Bears Witness to God

The depth of the riches of His wisdom and knowledge

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from the *American Weekly**

Mighty as are the marvels of the starry heavens, the wonders of the sub-microscopic world are not less remarkable. The amazing genius of Augustine perceived this back in the 5th century when he wrote: "Deus est maximus in minimis" (The power of God shines forth most clearly in the smallest things). Whole teeming worlds of life lie in nonfilterable viruses, organisms so small they cannot be seen, photographed or filtered. Yet medical science believes that some of the most important clues to the solution of many problems of life and death are locked within their invisible dimensions, awaiting instruments able to penetrate their depths.

Having been given an insight into this new world by subatomic physicists, including the two Nobel Prize winners in physics, Professors Robert Andrews Millikan and Arthur H. Compton, I thought it would be interesting to get the reactions of those untutored in this field.

"Do you think the particles of that pipe you are smoking are stationary or in motion?" I asked a cultured student, Joseph Whitney, seated in my room at Campion Hall, Oxford University.

Joe looked carefully at his meerschau and, rubbing his finger carefully over it, said, "I think the particles

of the pipe are entirely stationary, but the particles of smoke issuing from it are in motion."

"Well," I replied, "get ready for a shock. The particles composing that pipe are electrons and protons, and the electrons are constantly moving around the protons. That much I will tell you. But now try to guess how many times per second those electrons are revolving around their protons."

"Perhaps, if they hurry," answered Joe, "they'll get around a dozen times or so."

"Now, Joe," I said, "brace yourself for the shock of your life. Those electrons in your pipe are shooting around their atomic orbits more than a thousand million million times per second."

"I don't believe it," blurted out Joe. "It sounds crazy to me. Sounds like Gertrude Stein talking physics."

Joseph Whitney, looking at his pipe and feeling it and finding it still and motionless, may not believe it. And maybe millions of others may not. But physicists ask us to believe it as an established fact of science.

Such distinguished scientists as Millikan, Pupin, Eddington, Jeans and Compton tell us that a whole new subatomic world of marvelous mystery has been discovered. The atom has been broken up into a proton and its electrons. The whole concept of mat-

*235 E. 45th St., New York City. April 25, 1943.

ter has been revolutionized. Instead of matter consisting of hard, inert pellets, as the man in the street still imagines, science has shown these infinitesimal constituents of matter to be in a state of tremendous activity.

The atom is a small solar system. Around its central nucleus of positive electricity, called a proton, the electrons revolve as planets revolve about the sun. Their movements, however, apparently follow no fixed orbit.

Though the atom is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, scientists have measured the speed of these electrons and tell us that they move, in an orbit of less than one-millionth of an inch in diameter, faster than a revolver bullet. Thus the average electron revolves around its central nucleus several thousand million million times every second, with a velocity of hundreds of miles a second. This amazing orbital speed, greater than that of the planets or even of the stars, is achieved in the infinitesimally small chamber in which it is imprisoned.

Indeed, the modern conception of matter has been revolutionized by discoveries of nuclear physics. Instead of a stone wall, for instance, being a solid mass with no gaps between particles, physicists declare it to be full of openings, closely resembling a wire fence. So all matter, even the hardest metals, is permeated by gaping holes which occupy a vastly greater proportion of the space than the particles.

"How much do you weigh?" I asked Milt Piepul, a power fullback here at Notre Dame.

"Two hundred and twenty pounds."

"How tall are you?"

"Six feet, two inches."

"Now if you were put compactly together, so that all the empty spaces in your body and in your head—I mean no disparagement," I added quickly as the students snickered—"were eliminated, how large would you be?"

"I don't believe there are any appreciable empty places in my body," replied Milt, "and I know there are none in my head. But if I were pressed tightly together, perhaps I might be squeezed down to five feet, ten inches, or so."

"Well," I replied, "you would be about the size of a speck of dust, so tiny as to be invisible to the naked eye."

The students roared with laughter.

"I don't believe it," said Milt. "I'm from Missouri."

"Don't take my word for it," I said. "But read the statement of one of the most distinguished physicists in England, Arthur S. Eddington, of the University of Cambridge, on the first page of his epochal book, *The Nature of the Physical Universe*." I handed him the open book. Milt read:

"When we compare the universe as it is now supposed to be with the universe as we had originally preconceived it, the most arresting change is not the rearrangement of space and time by Einstein but the dissolution of all that we regard as most solid into tiny specks floating in void. That gives an abrupt jar to those who think that things are more or less what they seem. The rev-

elation by modern physics of the void within the atom is more disturbing than the revelation by astronomy of the immense void of interstellar space. The atom is as porous as the solar system. If we eliminated all the unfilled space in a man's body and collected his protons and electrons into one mass, the man would be reduced to a speck just visible with a magnifying glass."

That seems fantastic and incredible, yet every scientist today accepts it as incontestable.

What changes would take place in constitution of the material of a man's body if it were reduced to the size of a speck of dust?

The normal structure of the atom, namely, the dense but small nucleus surrounded by minute electrons revolving at relatively enormous distances from it, would be collapsed. The electrons would be pulled in from the far outer rim of the atom and pressed tightly against the nucleus. Picture the outer walls of an enormous stadium suddenly closing in tightly around the two teams huddled in the center, and you have a rough picture of the shrinkage. We think of a man's body as a solid substance, whereas it is largely a void, with minute particles flying with startling velocity through that void. In this shrinkage the empty space would be eliminated and the matter retained, so that the weight of that speck of closely compacted electrons and protons would be the same as when they were occupying the six feet, two inches, of Milt Piepul's body.

This, too, sounds startling. Let me

cite, however, a few findings to help one understand how enormous weight may inhere in minute but dense bodies. Water, with a density of 1, is the unit of measurement. Osmium, with a density of 22.48, is the densest substance known to exist on the earth. It is 16% heavier than gold and twice as heavy as lead. Compared with substances in some of the stars, however, osmium is lighter than a feather. Thus a companion of Sirius (the Dog Star) has a density about 53,000 times that of water.

What a world of almost infinite potentialities is locked up in a small particle of matter! Consider the energy stored up in a piece of coal smaller than a pea. Jeans (*The Universe Around Us*, p. 181) states it as a scientific fact that if all the atomic energy in so tiny a piece of coal could be released, it would be sufficient to take even the *Queen Mary* across the Atlantic and back again!

"If the energy in a single pound of coal," he says, "could be completely utilized, it would keep the whole British nation (or the U. S.) going for a fortnight: domestic fires, factories, trains, power stations, ships, and all."

Science with its huge cyclotron, or atom crusher, is now able to split an atom. As yet, however, it cannot penetrate deeply enough into the depths of the atom to ferret out the network of laws which stretch from the heart of an atom to the galaxy of the farthest stars. These laws hold the universe together and support the stars in their courses, as a clothesline holds securely

the family washing, flapping in the breeze.

Peering into the depth of an atom, science has found an amazing network of law. Indeed, the working out of the molecular arrangement in a grain of sand calls for a knowledge of mathematics few humans possess. Researches of Jeans into the ultimate constituents of elements led him to think of a speck of dust as a long series of algebraic symbols.

Will any human ever learn enough mathematics to decipher fully the algebraic formulas written on the heart of a speck of dust? Only time can tell. But if we do, it is reasonably certain that such discoveries will only open the door to a still vaster world of mysteries, as all the scientific discoveries of the past have done.

Thus Dr. George L. Clark, professor of X-ray chemistry at the University of Illinois, a world authority in that field, threw upon the screen an X-ray picture of a particle of soot. I can still remember the awe of my students as they perceived the beauty and symmetry of the molecular arrangements. Like flakes of snow on a window pane tracing out geometric figures of remarkable symmetry and wonderful diversity, these figures appeared like frozen pieces of glorious architecture. Indeed,

within a speck of soot is a perfection of molecular symmetry and an embodiment of mathematical precision which would make the Taj Mahal of India or St. Peter's in Rome seem like child's play.

In the past the appeal has been to the star-studded sky as evidence of a Supreme Being. Not less impressive than the wonders of the firmament is the evidence of a Supreme Intelligence in galaxies, solar systems, and island universes floating in the mysterious depths of a speck of dust.

In the whirling depths of a grain of sand there appear to be more particles than there are planets and stars in all the heavens. In the algebraic flecked sky of a speck of dust there may be more geometric symbols and mathematical formulas than can ever be written in all our books.

Truly, indeed, the world of the infinitesimally small is not less wonderful than the world of the infinitely large. Nor does it speak less cogently nor less eloquently of a Supreme Ruler of the universe.

"In all the vast and the minute," as the poet, Cowper, says, "we see the unambiguous footsteps of the God who gives luster to the insect's wings and wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."



Oblong, round and triangular handkerchiefs were once common. In 1785 the king of France decreed that throughout his kingdom "the length of handkerchiefs shall equal their width." Since then, we have had square handkerchiefs.

Quoted by Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (17 April '43).

Ahsahwaince, His 100 Years

Kice Manitou helped

By SISTER M. INEZ HILGER, O.S.B.

Condensed from *Mid-America**

This story is told by Ahsahwaince, Chippewa Indian of the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota. It was recorded in August, 1936, while I was gathering data on primitive child life. (The study is a forthcoming publication of the Bureau of American Ethnology, of the Smithsonian Institution.) The statements of this fine old gentleman were recorded by Jessie Flannagan and interpreted by Ida Roy, his daughter, the Ogemawab of the narrative. Ahsahwaince's story follows:

I was born on Dec. 15, 1835. My parents belonged to the Pillager band of the Chippewa tribe. My earliest memories go back to the time when I was about five years old. My father one morning rubbed charcoal over my face and led me into a near-by woods. Here he spread a blanket on the ground for me and told me that I must remain there to fast; that during my fast I would learn the course that I was to follow in my future life. At early dawn each morning he brought me a little food and water and I took this before sunrise. This was all the food and drink I received in each 24 hours. My fast lasted ten days. At the end of that time, our relatives and neighbors gathered at our wigwam for a feast. Among other things, I told them I had been advised that I would

live to be a *very* old man; that my hair would remain black, even in my old age; that as soon as it turned gray I would know that my time on earth was nearing its end.

About a year after my fast my father was killed by a stray bullet shot by a gambler loitering in our village. My mother was now compelled to earn a livelihood for herself, my little brother, and me. In the spring she made maple sugar; during the summer she picked berries; in the fall she gathered wild rice; and in the winter she trapped muskrat, mink, and lynx. Nearly all the year round she fished in our big lake.

When I was about 15 my mother married again and shortly afterwards I left home. It was impossible for me to endure the cruelty of my stepfather. I never saw my mother again.

Through an old acquaintance, Joe Wakefield, a half-breed who was foreman of a lumber company located between Brainerd and Walker, I secured employment for a time. Later I found my way to Crow Wing, an Indian fur-trading post. Here I obtained less arduous work in a hotel.

How well I remember one summer evening. Some of us men were sitting outside the hotel. Along came the man who brought the mail to Crow Wing. He sat down and joined in our con-

*Loyola University, 6525 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill. April, 1943.

versation. We were all in a jovial mood. He and I began to banter back and forth with the result that I bet him a suit of clothes that I could walk the distance from Crow Wing to Red Lake and back, about 100 miles, in less time than he could. He accepted the challenge; we set the date; and the trek began. I knew a shorter route and consequently I walked the distance in two and one-half days less time than he did. But he paid the bet gallantly and I wore the clothes.

It was during years of employment at the Crow Wing hotel that I became acquainted with Father Pierz. He invariably traveled on foot through the reservation, carrying his bedding roll strapped to his back. Frequently he slept in Indian villages. My admiration for this good priest grew more fervent each time I saw him. The first opportunity I had of speaking to him alone, I told him that I wished to adopt his faith. I remember well how his kindly face lighted with a gentle smile. He clasped my hand and said he would be happy to tell me all I wished to know. My acquaintances everywhere taunted me about becoming "religious"; but it didn't faze me any, for my mind was made up. The priest baptized me on his next visit and gave me the name of Joseph.

Off and on for many years the Sioux tribe annoyed the Chippewa by encroaching on our territory. Finally every Chippewa man was called upon to help drive them westward. We had driven them as far west as Devils Lake, North Dakota, when an order came

from the U.S. government that all hostilities had to cease; that violators of this command would be compelled to pay the penalty with their own lives. I at once returned to Crow Wing. I was back in the Chippewa country but I was carrying about in my head the image of an attractive maiden whom I had met in North Dakota and I found no contentment until I went out again to find her. She belonged to the Blackfeet tribe, and lived with her parents at Grand Forks, N. D. Her father, a French-Canadian, owned a considerable quantity of land in Canada. Caroline Nadeau and I married in 1874. In 1880 we moved to the White Earth Reservation and that meant our transfer to the Mississippi band of the Chippewa Indians.

Here I made a living for my family by working for the Benedictine Sisters at the mission school. Father Aloysius, Sister Lioba, and Sister Philomena, three persons who had established the mission in White Earth, were our most helpful friends. We were glad to be near a Catholic church.

My wife and I worked happily together. As the seasons of each year arrived, we made maple sugar, fished, picked berries, and gathered wild rice. I supplied our table with wild game. In winter there was plenty of trapping not far from our own door. The woods also supplied us with fuel during cold weather. I often meditated on God's great goodness in supplying the Indian with everything he needed for his own use, and all of it so close at hand.

Our life, however, was not free from

trials. I lost the sight of my right eye while mending a wire fence: the end of one length suddenly loosened and sprang upward, injuring the eyeball. Then our children were born to us, but seemed permitted to remain with us only a few years. One by one the first ones were taken through sickness or accident. Later we reared two sons, and the daughter whom you see sitting near me. She was the first of our children to reach adult age. She came to us in midsummer moon. We were then living in a wigwam. She was so very precious to us that we named her Ogemawab, which in English means Queen. My wife predicted on the day that Ogemawab was born that if she were spared us, she would make something of herself. And so she did. Father Aloysius baptized her the day after her birth and named her Ida. She was not quite four years old when we placed her in the Benedictine Sisters' boarding school for Indian girls at White Earth. After that she worked in this very hospital (White Earth) until she earned enough money to put herself through a training course for nurses. For years she served the sick as a nurse in Ancker Hospital, St. Paul, where she now is a supervisor. She provided her mother and me with food and clothing ever since we were unable to do so ourselves. Her mother died 18 months ago, on the first day of spring, just as the Angelus rang.

If I am spared until the last moon of this year, I shall have reached my 101st birthday. However, my strength is failing and I have been on this earth

long enough. And you may notice that my time here on earth is almost spent, for, though my hair is still dark, it is turning gray in places. I shall be happy to be relieved of this feeble old body. I shall gladly go to where my wife is; her companionship brightened my life for 61 years. I am just waiting now to go, and I am doing so patiently. The Great Father knows best when to call me. In His goodness He is permitting that I have no physical suffering. Some days I am not conscious of being here; I seem to be in a different environment. I see beautiful lights, beautiful flowers, beautiful things. My weakness is extreme; but what is that? It will be that only for a little while longer. My good daughter will see that my old frame is laid by the side of her mother. And my soul, I know, will find favor with *Kice Manitou* [Great Spirit] who has cared for me over a century of years. He will guide my Ogemawab aright just as He has guided me. His blessing be upon her. She has supplied me with the necessities of life and is making happy for me the feeble years that are left for me to live.

Thus ends the relation of Ahsahwaince of August, 1936. The old man's life fell a month short of 101 years; he died in November, 1936.

When he was but two years old (1837) his people ceded their first lands to the U. S. government. Soon the area was opened to white settlement. Lumberjacks arrived in great numbers during his years. Europeans and their descendants lived at the trad-

ing posts and in the lumber camps. In 1849 the region was included in the newly organized Minnesota Territory; in 1858, in the newly admitted state of Minnesota. Negotiations and treaties between Chippewa leaders and the government, many of the treaties involving land cessions, continued from 1785 until the 1890's. Consequent resentment of many Indians broke out on numerous occasions. It culminated in the massacre of 1862, one of the bloodiest recorded in American history. In 1867, when Ahsahwaince was 32, the U. S. set aside a reserve of 36 townships as the White Earth Reservation.

When Ahsahwaince was born, the region was under the Catholic ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Bishop Mathias Loras of Dubuque, Iowa; in 1850 it passed into the newly organized diocese of St. Paul. In 1851, the year of his installment as first Bishop of St. Paul, Joseph Cretin sent Father Franz

Pierz, the priest who baptized Ahsahwaince, as sole missionary to all the Chippewa Indians in his diocese and to all the whites living 100 miles along the Mississippi. In 1852 Father Pierz established his first mission in his new assignment at Crow Wing; in 1853, a second one at Mille Lacs.

The work of the Benedictines among the Chippewa, which has continued to the present, began in 1878 when Father Aloysius Hermanutz, of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, and two Benedictine Sisters, Sister Lioba Braun and Sister Philomena Ketten, of St. Benedict's Convent, St. Joseph, Minn., established a school in White Earth. Sister Philomena died in 1928 at the age of 74; Father Aloysius in 1929, at the age of 76. Sister Lioba, now 90 years of age, is aroused to enthusiasm whenever it is announced to her that Ogemawab has come to visit her. She has lost none of her love for her Chippewa children.



The Digger (Australian soldier) in quest of anything, from a fortune at the races to a bottle of beer, is as singlehearted and intent as a bird dog. Two Diggers retreating hell-for-leather from Crete, in the wake of their company, paused long enough to salvage a typewriter from a burning house, while the *Luftwaffe* raked the ground around them. They added it to the pack they were lugging and carried it for hundreds of miles, in shifts, against the day they would find time to sit down and write their letters home—in proper style this time, and none of your bloody scrawls. The day came, and they opened the typewriter to find that the letters on the keyboard were Greek! Their language on this occasion, according to one of their officers, lowered all previous records.

From *Southwest Passage* by John Lardner (Lippincott, 1943).

War as a Judgment of God

By FULTON J. SHEEN

How firm Thy foundations!

Condensed from a radio address*

We commonly speak of this war as a crisis. Now our English word *crisis* is taken from a Greek word meaning *judgment*; and that is just what this war is, a judgment of God.

In the life of every human being there is a particular judgment and a general judgment. The particular judgment comes at the moment of death, for we are individually responsible for the way we used our God-given liberty; the general judgment comes at the end of time, because we work out our salvation in the context of the social order and the brotherhood of Christ, and therefore we must be judged with the entire world.

History, too, like individuals, has its particular and general judgments. Particular judgments come at various moments in a nation's history, when it works out the full moral consequences of its decisions and its philosophy of life. The general judgment will be at the end of time when our Lord shall come to judge all nations.

Reference to both the particular and the general judgments in history is found in our blessed Lord's warning to the city of Jerusalem. Because it had not known the time of its visitation, He said that a particular judgment would come before that very generation would have passed away, when the enemy would beat it flat to the

ground, not leaving a stone upon a stone. That judgment actually came to pass in the year 70 when Titus destroyed the Holy City. In the same passage our divine Lord also foretold the general judgment of the world in the distant future when nations which judged Him would be judged by Him.

We are now living in a moment of particular judgment on history. In other words, our present world crisis is a judgment of God on our era and our times.

But what is meant by the judgment of God? We mean by it a "verdict of history." It is a time when the full consequences of our way of life become evident. The judgment of God definitely does not mean that God is *outside* history as a mighty Potentate who occasionally, to remind subjects of His power, smites them for His good pleasure.

The judgment of God means that the transcendent God is also *inside* history by His laws, far more intimately than an inventor is in his machine, or an artist in his painting. God has implanted certain laws in the universe by which things attain their proper perfection. These laws are principally of two kinds, natural and moral. Natural laws are for things; moral laws for persons, because they are free.

*Catholic Hour over NBC. N.C.C.M., Washington, D. C. March 21, 1943.

Judgments are clear in the natural order. For example, a headache is a judgment of my refusal to eat, or of overdrinking, which is a law of nature. The world did not will this war, but it willed a way of life which produced it; and in that sense it is a judgment of God. Sin brings adversity and adversity is the expression of God's condemnation of evil, the registering of divine judgment.

In disobeying God's moral law, we do not destroy it: we only destroy ourselves. For example, I am free to break the law of gravitation; I may toss myself from the Empire State building, but in doing so, I kill myself, and the law still stands. God does not interfere with the world when it suffers judgment, any more than He interferes with it when we ruin our health by disobeying the laws of hygiene. He does not need to interfere, because He is already in the universe by His law.

Each era of history is a field in which certain seeds are planted. They grow, bloom, bear fruit, and die; and the kind of ideas that are planted determines the lot of that civilization. The Religious Revolution was a judgment of God on Christian people for not living up to the full meaning of the Christian life. The French Revolution was a judgment on the selfish privileges of a monarchy and the denial of political equality. Communism was a judgment on czarist Russia and capitalism; nazism, a judgment on Versailles; and this war is a judgment on the way the world thought and lived, married and unmarried, bought and

sold: a judgment on the world's banks, schools, factories, homes, legislatures, international order, hearts and souls, and above all on its humanist illusion that man could build a peaceful world without God. This war is to time what hell is to eternity, the registering of the conflict of the human will against the divine.

The divine judgments on history are guarantees of the permanence of the laws of God. Men would not so universally respect the laws of health, if the violation of those laws did not entail such painful consequences. Where would moral development be if fire burned today and froze tomorrow, if refusal to sleep weakened us today and strengthened us tomorrow, and if the moral law of God had consequences in the morning but not in the afternoon?

Judgment is a reminder that God's moral law will never be destroyed. He made the world that way. In stabbing Him, it is our own heart we slay. By catastrophies must we sadly learn that the moral law is right and will prevail.

The judgment at the end of the world will be a guarantee of the eternal distinction between right and wrong. That is why there is a heaven and a hell; namely, because right is everlastingly right and wrong is everlastingly wrong.

This war is a guarantee of that distinction for the time in which we live. All nations and all peoples must learn, in sorrow, tears, blood and sweat, that wrong attitudes toward the natural law and the moral law are simultane-

ously and necessarily a wrong attitude toward God, and therefore bring inevitable doom, which is the judgment of God.

The war has thus driven us back to the recognition of a moral law outside ourselves, and, in fact, outside the world. Indeed, if the moral order for which we are fighting was of *our own* making, then why should not the nazis say they have a right to fight for a moral law of *their own* making, that the only way to decide between the two would be by force. If morality is national, there is no criterion except might. But suppose that the moral law for which we fight is not our own, but a derivative of the eternal reason of God. Then we fight not to decide which is the more strong, but rather to defend what is right.

This is the idea that needs to be emphasized in our national life. It is pathetic that so many movie writers can think of no other way to justify our cause than by emphasizing the wickedness of the nazis and Japanese. Do we become angels by calling them devils? Must we in America be so impoverished intellectually and morally that we cannot produce a drama or write a speech, or even produce comic movies, unless we have nazis under every table, and buck-toothed Japs hiding behind every camera, and saboteurs in every beauty parlor? These writers do not understand either the psychology of Americans or the reason we are at war. They do not know Americans, because we are the most idealistic people on earth. There is

nothing that appeals more to Americans than fair play; we are traditionally for the underdog. In the first world war we did not receive a square mile of territory, because we wanted none. In this war, we have already assured France that we will get out of her colonies when the war is over, and in the Atlantic Charter we have assured the small nations of Europe of their integrity and territory. We have made America the arsenal of the world, caring little whether we are thanked for it; and when this war is over, we will make America the pantry of the world, as we hope to make it the hope of the world.

It is the moral law we seek to preserve, for right is right if nobody is right, and wrong is wrong if everybody is wrong. We are fighting not for freedom *from* something, but freedom *for* something; namely, the right to develop personalities which are made in the image and likeness of God. We are fighting not for the right of religious worship, for religion is not a right any more than patriotism is a right. They are both duties. Patriotism is a duty to country; religion, a duty to God.

We are fighting not for any particular form of government, but for the right of all peoples to choose their own governments, which will exercise their power with responsibility because that power comes from God. We are fighting not for democracy, but for something deeper: for the moral and religious foundations which make democracy possible.

Madame Chiang Kai Shek

By ALBERT O'HARA, S.J.

Odyssey of a valiant woman

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

During my first year in China, I was glancing through a Chinese newspaper and ran across an intellectual religious article. My first reaction was, "This must have been written by an exceptionally intelligent nun." I looked for the author's name and found it to be Madame Chiang Kai Shek.

I heard what the apostolic delegate to China had to relate of his meetings with the Generalissimo and his wife. His words bear out the wonderful spirit manifested by Madame Chiang in the preface she wrote for the interesting little volume *China Through Catholic Eyes*: "The missionary's life of self-denial and inner discipline has proved to be a source of inspiring courage to all those they serve and with whom they suffer. In following the footsteps of the Master, they dare to do and die. Life to them is not a comedy of a hundred acts but a veritable battlefield on which each must exert his utmost so that right will eventually triumph over might."

Madame Chiang is interested in the Catholic missionaries in China and Catholic missionaries are interested in her. Consequently her visit to the U. S. was an event of great importance to me and I followed every detail of it. I have set down here my impressions of her visit to the U. S. that you may see her through a missionary's eyes.

A few minutes before noon, on Feb. 18, I picked my way toward the capitol in the face of an icy, penetrating wind. A crowd had gathered much earlier near the Senate Chamber side. They were awaiting a glimpse of the first lady of China, Madame Chiang Kai Shek. The majority were women, perhaps because they were anxious to see one of their sex who had reached such influence, especially since she is of a nation in which the status of women is reputedly low. Innumerable people had tried unsuccessfully to get the precious tickets to the gallery of the House of Representatives. They would have been satisfied merely to see this faithful and courageous wife who had stood beside a husband fighting tremendously superior forces for many long years and stayed at the same time impervious to flattering advances or even threats of the Soviets.

Would Madame Chiang, sometimes called the "most beautiful woman in China," use feminine glamor to win her audience? Would she grow emotional and with a woman's tears force her point? Other women in history have resorted to these means but not Madame Chiang Kai Shek. Society-column writers described her dress as stunning, and stunning it was but modest and dignified. Her speech had emotion but it was genuine and gave

*962 Madison Ave., New York City. May, 1943.

sincerity to her words in a chamber where hollow words are common coin.

Other speakers have feared to offend by stating the truth. Madame Chiang, from a people expert in diplomacy, picked no kind words in painting the onslaught of the Japanese. On the other hand, she scoffed at the unscientific "supermen" theory about the Japanese that some of our writers threw up as a smokescreen for our defeats. She plainly called our victories at Midway and the Coral Sea what they were, "mere steps in the right direction." She had spent days, months, and years with her soldiers, with her people, with her "warphans," watching them and sharing their ever-increasing suffering and their ever-losing struggle. She was speaking to wealthy, well-fed people whose only suffering thus far had been a little rationing. Still there was no bitterness in her voice when she said, "It takes little effort to watch the other fellow carry the load."

Other speakers in these halls had shied at the mention of the spiritual and at the implications of international relations. Madame Chiang, scorning such fears, declared, "We of this generation who are privileged to help make a better world for ourselves and our posterity should remember that while we should not be visionary, we must have vision so that peace should not be punitive in spirit and should not be provincial nor nationalistic nor even continental in concept but universal in scope and humanitarian in action, for modern science has so annihilated distance that what affects one

people must of necessity affect all other peoples. The term 'hands and feet,' is often used in China to signify the relationship between brothers. Since international interdependence is now so universally recognized, can we not also say that all nations should become members of one corporate body?" She ended with words of which Shakespeare himself might well have been proud, "Men's mettle is tested both in adversity and in success. Twice is this true of the soul of a nation." The audience rose to a man to applaud.

This noble appeal for a brotherly relationship among nations could not but strike an answering note in a missionary's heart, for what else could he hope for but this Christian attitude of nation toward nation? What an obstacle to his work the missionary finds in the exploitation of the people with whom he is working by the people of his own color and nation! His doctrine of brotherly love is looked upon with suspicion if not with rancor by a people who have felt the ruthless heel of the conquering nation and who see the vices of civilization being introduced for the exploitation of the conquered by the same proud and greedy forces.

Americans are accustomed to propaganda speeches and to speeches carefully prepared with loopholes for escape in later embarrassing moments. Madame Chiang treated her audience to a sincere speech that was a compliment to their power to think, and they responded wholeheartedly.

Next morning at the President's press conference, Madame Chiang

manifested the same frank sincerity. Perhaps she had already made her request of the American government, and the press tried to sound out the President as to the nature of his reply. In any case, he answered the press by saying that there was to be no change of policy but that the government would increase the supplies that it was sending to China. This, he said, would come about as soon as God would let us do it. When Madame Chiang was asked what she thought of this reply, she answered that she believed "God helps those who help themselves."

She proved no less outspoken and clear-minded when she appeared with Mrs. Roosevelt at her press conference. The women, naturally, were quite proud of Madame Chiang and rightly so. Some were looking for a strong statement on the question of women's rights. Madame Chiang sagely and sanely remarked, "I have never known brains to have any sex." But she added a few words that show a depth of thought which American womanhood might do well to fathom: "Women should be more concerned with their responsibilities than with their privileges."

On Tuesday, at Madison Square Garden, Madame Chiang gave another speech that in one way surpassed her speech in Congress. She is the leader

of a nation predominantly non-Christian, whose people have suffered revolting brutalities at the hands of the invader. Certainly it was an excellent opportunity for emotion, and a note of bitterness against China's enemy might have been excused. I waited for the words as she turned to postwar planning.

The statement came slowly and deliberately: "There must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world. No matter what we have undergone and suffered we must try to forgive those who have injured us and remember only the lessons gained thereby. The teachings of Christ radiate ideas for the elevation of the soul far above the common passions of hate and degradation. He taught us to help our less fortunate fellow beings, to work and strive for their betterment, without, however, deceiving ourselves and others by pretending that tragedy and ugliness do not exist. He taught us to hate the evil in men, but not the men themselves."

Americans were pleased with her speech and they were proud of her. She was a reminder of what America had been two or three decades ago before materialism and greed had blighted and dehumanized us. It was like looking at a photograph of ourselves when we were young and nice-looking.



Nevada's quick marriage and divorce laws brought 22,500 people to Las Vegas last year, and the justice of the peace made more money than the chief justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Alyce Canfield in *Liberty* (8 May '43).

The Primacy of the Spiritual Order

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

Condensed from a book*

Aldous Huxley is a lonely orphan of the world created by 19th-century liberalism and scientific materialism. His is a Jeremiah loneliness, in that he remains vocally apart. A careful reading of his works will demonstrate that even in his most cynical novels his purpose has been fundamentally moral. Only a man smitten with disgust could have written *Point Counter Point* and *Antic Hay*. Having cleared the way with these TNTical works, Huxley reveals his deep spiritual possibilities in *Grey Eminence*, an amazing analytical study of Father Joseph, politics, mysticism and the philosophy of history.

Mystical philosophy can be summed up in a single phrase: "The more of the creature, the less of God." The large-scale activities of unregenerate men and women are almost wholly creaturely; therefore they almost wholly exclude God. If history is an expression of the divine will, it is so mainly in a negative sense. The crimes and insanities of large-scale human societies are related to God's will only insofar as they are acts of disobedience to that will, and it is only in this sense that they and the miseries resulting from them can properly be regarded as providential.

This brings us to the heart of that great paradox of politics—the fact that political action is necessary and at the same time incapable of satisfying the needs which called it into existence.

Only static and isolated societies, whose way of life is determined by an unquestioned tradition, can dispense

with politics. In unstable, unisolated, technologically progressive societies, such as ours, large-scale political action is unavoidable. But even when it is well-intentioned (which it very often is not) political action is always doomed to a partial, sometimes even a complete, self-stultification. The intrinsic nature of the human instruments with which, and the human materials upon which, political action must be carried out, is a positive guarantee against the possibility that such action shall yield the results that were expected from it. This generalization could be illustrated by an indefinite number of instances drawn from history.

Consider, for example, the results actually achieved by two reforms upon which well-intentioned people have placed the most enormous hopes—universal education and public ownership of the means of production. Universal education has proved to be the state's most effective instrument of universal regimentation and militarization, and has exposed millions, hitherto immune, to the influence of organized lying and the allurements of incessant, imbecile and debasing distractions. Public ownership of the means of production has been put into effect on a large scale only in Russia, where the results of the reform have been, not the elimination

**Grey Eminence*. 1941. Harper and Brothers, New York City. 342 pp. \$3.50.

of oppression, but the replacement of one kind of oppression by another—of money power by political and bureaucratic power, of the tyranny of rich men by a tyranny of the police and the party.

For several thousands of years now men have been experimenting with different methods for improving the quality of human instruments and human material. It has been found that a good deal can be done by such strictly humanistic methods as the improvement of the social and economic environment, and the various techniques of character training. Among men and women of a certain type, startling results can be obtained by means of conversion and catharsis. But though these methods are somewhat more effective than most of the purely humanistic variety, they work only erratically and they do not produce the radical and permanent transformation of personality, which must take place, and take place on a very large scale, if political action is ever to produce the beneficial results expected from it.

For the radical and permanent transformation of personality, only one effective method has been discovered: that of the mystics. It is a difficult method, demanding from those who undertake it a great deal more patience, resolution, self-abnegation and awareness than most people are prepared to give, except perhaps in times of crisis, when they are ready for a short while to make the most enormous sacrifices. But unfortunately the amelioration of the world cannot be

achieved by sacrifices in moments of crisis; it depends on the efforts made and constantly repeated during the humdrum, uninspiring periods which separate one crisis from another, and of which normal lives mainly consist. Because of the general reluctance to make such efforts during uncritical times, very few people are prepared, at any given moment of history, to undertake the method of the mystics. This being so, we shall be foolish if we expect any political action, however well-intentioned and however nicely planned, to produce more than a fraction of the general betterment anticipated.

The history of any nation follows an undulatory course. In the trough of the wave we find more or less complete anarchy; but the crest is not more or less complete Utopia, but only, at best, a tolerably humane, partially free and fairly just society that invariably carries within itself the seeds of its own decadence. Large-scale organizations are capable, it would seem, of going down a good deal further than they can go up. We may reasonably expect to reach the upper limit once again; but unless a great many more people than in the past are ready to undertake the only method capable of transforming personality, we may not expect to rise appreciably above it.

Political reforms cannot be expected to produce much general betterment unless large numbers of individuals undertake the transformation of their personality by the only known method which really works—the method of the

contemplatives. Furthermore, should the amount of mystical, theocentric leaven in the lump of humanity suffer a significant decrease, politicians may find it impossible to raise the societies they rule even to the very moderate heights realized in the past.

Meanwhile, politicians can do something to create a social environment favorable to contemplatives. Or perhaps it is better to put the matter negatively and say that they can refrain from doing certain things and making certain arrangements which are specially unfavorable.

The political activity that seems to be least compatible with theocentric religion is that which aims at increasing a certain special type of social efficiency: the efficiency required for waging or threatening large-scale war. To achieve this kind of efficiency, politicians always aim at some kind of totalitarianism. Acting like the man of science who can only deal with the complex problems of real life by arbitrarily simplifying them for experimental purposes, the politician in search of military efficiency arbitrarily simplifies the society with which he has to deal. But whereas the scientist simplifies by a process of analysis and isolation, the politician can simplify only by compulsion, by a Procrustean process of chopping and stretching, designed to make the living social organism conform to a certain easily understood and readily manipulated mechanical pattern.

Totalitarian politicians demand strict obedience and conformity in every

sphere of life, including, of course, the religious. Here, their aim is to use religion as an instrument of social consolidation, an increaser of the country's military efficiency. For this reason, the only kind of religion they favor is strictly anthropocentric, exclusive and nationalistic. Theocentric religion, involving the worship of God for His own sake, is inadmissible in a totalitarian state. All the contemporary dictators, Russian, Turkish, Italian and German, have either discouraged or actively persecuted any religious organization whose members advocated the worship of God, rather than the worship of the deified state or the local political boss. Louis XIV was what is called "a good Catholic"; but his attitude towards religion was characteristically totalitarian. He wanted religious unity, therefore he revoked the Edict of Nantes and persecuted the Huguenots. He wanted an exclusive, nationalistic religion; therefore he quarreled with the Pope and insisted on his own spiritual supremacy in France. He wanted state worship and king worship; therefore he sternly discouraged those who taught theocentric religion, who advocated the worship of God alone and for His own sake.

The efficiency of a pre-industrial totalitarian state, such as that which Richelieu planned and Louis XIV actually realized, can never be so high as that of an industrial state, possessed of modern weapons, communications and organizing methods. Conversely, it does not need to be so high. A national industrial system is something

so complicated that, if it is to function properly and compete with other national systems, it must be controlled in all its details by a centralized state authority. Even if the intentions of the various centralized state authorities were pacific, which they are not, industrialism would tend of its very nature to transform them into totalitarian governments.

When the need for military efficiency is added to the need for industrial efficiency, totalitarianism becomes inevitable. Technological progress, nationalism and war seem to guarantee that the immediate future of the world shall belong to various forms of totalitarianism. But a world made safe for totalitarianism is a world, in all probability, made very unsafe for mysticism and theocentric religion. And a world made unsafe for mysticism and theocentric religion is a world where the only proved method of transforming personality will be less and less practiced, and where fewer and fewer people will possess any direct, experimental knowledge of reality to set up against the false doctrine of totalitarian anthropocentrism and the pernicious ideas and practices of nationalistic pseudo mysticism. In such a world there seems little prospect that any political reform, however well intentioned, will produce the results expected of it.

The quality of moral behavior varies in inverse ratio to the number of human beings involved. Individuals and small groups do not always and automatically behave well. But at least they

can be moral and rational to a degree unattainable by large groups. For, as numbers increase, personal relations between members of the group, and between its members and those of other groups, become more difficult, and finally, for the vast majority of the individuals concerned, impossible. Imagination has to take the place of direct acquaintance; behavior, motivated by a reasoned and impersonal benevolence, the place of behavior motivated by personal affection and a spontaneous and unreflecting compassion. But in most men and women, reason, sympathetic imagination and the impersonal view of things are very slightly developed. That is why, among other reasons, the ethical standards prevailing within large groups, between large groups, and between the rulers and the ruled in a large group, are generally lower than those prevailing within and among small groups. The art of what may be called "goodness politics," as opposed to power politics, is the art of organizing on a large scale without sacrificing the ethical values which emerge only among individuals and small groups. More specifically, it is the art of combining decentralization of government and industry, local and functional autonomy and smallness of administrative units with enough over-all efficiency to guarantee the smooth running of the federated whole.

Goodness politics has never been attempted in any large society, and it may be doubted whether such an attempt, if made, could achieve more

than a partial success, as long as the majority of individuals concerned remain unable or unwilling to transform their personalities by the only method known to be effective. But though the attempt may never be completely successful, it still remains true that the methods of goodness politics combined with individual training in theocentric theory and contemplative practice alone provide the means whereby human societies can become a little less unsatisfactory than they have been up to the present. So long as they are not adopted, we must expect to see an indefinite continuance of the dismally familiar alternations between extreme evil and a very imperfect, self-stultifying good, alternations which constitute the history of all civilized societies.

Society can never be greatly improved until such time as most of its members choose to become theocentric saints. Meanwhile, the few theocentric saints who exist at any given moment are able in some slight measure to qualify and mitigate the poisons which society generates within itself by its political and economic activities. In the Gospel phrase, theocentric saints are the salt which preserves the social world from breaking down into irremediable decay.

This antiseptic and antidotal function of the theocentric is performed in a variety of ways. First of all, the mere fact that he exists is profoundly salutary and important. The potentiality of knowledge of, and union with, God is present in all men and women. In most of them, however, it is covered,

as Eckhart puts it, "by 30 or 40 skins or hides, like an ox's or a bear's, so thick and hard." But beneath all this leather, and in spite of its toughness, the divine more-than-self, which is the principle of our being, remains alive, and can and does respond to the shining manifestation of the same principle in the theocentric saint. The "old man dressed all in leather" meets the new man, who has succeeded in stripping off his oxhides, and walks through the world, a naked soul, no longer opaque to the radiance immanent within him. From this meeting, the old man is likely to come away profoundly impressed by the strangeness of what he has seen, and with the nostalgic sense that the world would be a better place if there were less leather in it.

Again and again in the course of history, the meeting with a naked and translucent spirit, even the reading about such spirits, has sufficed to restrain the leather men who rule over their fellows from using their power to excess. It is respect for theocentric saints that prompts the curious hypocrisy which accompanies and seeks to veil the brutal facts of political action. The preambles of treaties are always drawn up in the choicest Pecksniffian style, and the more sinister the designs of a politician, the more high-flown, as a rule, becomes the nobility of his language. Cant is always rather nauseating; but before we condemn political hypocrisy let us remember that it is the tribute paid by men of leather to men of God, and that the acting of the part

of someone better than oneself may actually commit one to a course of behavior perceptibly less evil than what would be normal and natural in an avowed cynic.

The theocentric saint is impressive, not only for what he is, but also for what he does and says. His actions and all his dealings with the world are marked by disinterestedness and serenity, invariable truthfulness and a total absence of fear. These qualities are the fruits of the doctrine he preaches, and their manifestation in his life enormously reinforces that doctrine and gives him a certain strange kind of uncoercive but none the less compelling authority over his fellow men. The essence of this authority is that it is purely spiritual and moral, and is associated with none of the ordinary social sanctions of power, position or wealth.

It is a fatal thing, say the Indians, for the members of one caste to usurp the functions that properly belong to another. Thus when the merchants trespass upon the ground of the *kshatriyas* and undertake the business of ruling, society is afflicted by all the evils of capitalism; and when the *kshatriyas* do what only the theocentric Brahman has a right to do, when they presume to lay down the law on spiritual matters, there is totalitarianism, with its idolatrous religions, its deifications of the nation, the party, the local political boss. Effects no less disastrous occur when the Brahmins go into politics or business; for then they lose their spiritual insight and authority, and the society which it was their business to

enlighten remains wholly dark, deprived of all communication with divine reality, and consequently an easy victim to preachers of false doctrines.

Mystics and theocentrics are not always loved or invariably listened to; far from it. Prejudice and the dislike of what is unusual may blind their contemporaries to the virtues of these men and women of the margin, may cause them to be persecuted as enemies of society. But should they leave their margin, should they take to competing for place and power within the main body of society, they are certain to be generally hated and despised as traitors to their seership.

To be a seer is not the same thing as to be a mere spectator. Once the contemplative has fitted himself to become, in Lallemand's phrase, "a man of much orison," he can undertake work in the world with no risk of being thereby distracted from his vision of reality, and with fair hope of achieving an appreciable amount of good. As a matter of historical fact, many of the great theocentrics have been men and women of enormous and beneficent activity.

The work of the theocentrics is always marginal, always started on the smallest scale, and, when it expands, the resulting organization is always subdivided into units sufficiently small to be capable of a shared spiritual experience and of moral and rational conduct.

The first aim of the theocentrics is to make it possible for anyone who desires it to share their own experience

of ultimate reality. The groups they create are organized primarily for the worship of God for God's sake. They exist in order to disseminate various methods (not all of equal value) for transforming the "natural man," and for learning to know the more than personal reality immanent within the leathery casing of selfhood. At this point, many theocentrics are content to stop. They have their experience of reality and proceed to impart the secret to a few immediate disciples, or commit it to writing in a book that will be read by a wider circle removed from them by great stretches of space and time. Or else, more systematically, they establish small organized groups, a self-perpetuating order of contemplatives living under a Rule. Insofar as they may be expected to maintain or possibly increase the number of seers and theocentrics in a given community, these proceedings have a considerable social importance.

Many theocentrics, however, are not content with this, but go on to employ their organizations to make a direct attack upon the thorniest social problems. Such attacks are always launched from the margin, not the center, always (at any rate in their earlier phases) with the sanction of a purely spiritual authority, not with the coercive power of the state. Sometimes the attack is directed against economic evils, as when the Benedictines addressed themselves to the revival of agriculture and to the draining of swamps. Sometimes the evils are those of ignorance and the attack is through

various kinds of education. Here again the Benedictines were pioneers.

It is worth remarking that the Benedictine Order owes its existence to the apparent folly of a young man who, instead of doing the proper, sensible thing, which was to go through the Roman schools and become an administrator under the Gothic emperors, went away and, for three years, lived alone in a hole back in the mountains. When he had become "a man of much orison," he emerged, founded monasteries and composed a Rule to fit the needs of a self-perpetuating Order of hard-working contemplatives. In the succeeding centuries, the Order civilized northwestern Europe, introduced or re-established the best agricultural practice of the time, provided the only educational facilities then available, and preserved and disseminated the treasures of ancient literature. For generations Benedictinism was the principal antidote to barbarism. Europe owes an incalculable debt to the young man who, because he was more interested in knowing God than in getting on, or even "doing good," in the world, left Rome for that burrow in the hillside above Subiaco.

Work in the educational field has been undertaken by many theocentric organizations other than the Benedictine Order; all too often, unhappily, under the restrictive influence of the political, state-supported and state-supporting Church. More recently the state has everywhere assumed the role of universal educator: a position that exposes governments to peculiar temp-

tations, to which sooner or later they all succumb, as we see at the present time, when the school system is used in almost every country as an instrument of regimentation, militarization and nationalistic propaganda. In any state that pursued goodness politics rather than power politics, education would remain a public charge, paid for out of the taxes, but would be returned, subject to the fulfillment of certain conditions, to private hands. Under such an arrangement, most schools would probably be little or no better than they are at present; but at least their badness would be variegated, while educators of exceptional originality or possessed of the gift of seership would be given opportunities for teaching at present denied them.

Philanthropy is a field in which many men and women of the margin have labored to the great advantage of their fellows. We may mention the truly astounding work accomplished by St. Vincent de Paul, a great theocentric, and a great benefactor to the people of 17th-century France. Small and insignificant in its beginnings, and carried on, as it expanded, under spiritual authority alone and upon the margin of society, St. Vincent's work among the poor did something to mitigate the sufferings imposed by the war and by the ruinous fiscal policy which the war made necessary. Having at his disposal all the powers and resources of the state, Richelieu was able, of course, to do much more harm than St. Vincent and his little band of theocentrics could do good.

It was the same with another great 17th-century figure, George Fox. Fox began his ministry the year before the Peace of Westphalia was signed. In the course of the next 20 years the Society of Friends gradually crystallized into its definitive form. Fanatically marginal—for when invited, he refused even to dine at Cromwell's table, for fear of being compromised—Fox was never corrupted by success, but remained to the end the apostle of the inner light. The society he founded has had its ups and downs, its long seasons of spiritual torpor and stagnation, as well as its times of spiritual life; but always the Quakers have clung to Fox's intransigent theocentrism and, along with it, to his conviction that, if it is to remain at all pure and unmixed, good must be worked for by individuals and by organizations small enough to be capable of moral, rational and spiritual life. That is why, in the 275 years of its existence, the Society of Friends has been able to accomplish a sum of useful and beneficent work entirely out of proportion to its numbers. Here again the antidote has always been insufficient to offset more than a part of the poison injected into the body politic by the statesmen, financiers, industrialists, ecclesiastics, and the undistinguished millions in the lower ranks of the social order.

Though not enough to counteract more than some of the effects of the poison, the leaven of theocentrism is the one thing which, hitherto, has saved the civilized world from total self-destruction.

America's Passion Play

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

Palestine is in South Dakota

Condensed from the *Saturday Evening Post**

Primarily as theater, South Dakota's Passion Play enjoys the unique privilege of popularizing religious drama in the New World at a time when war has ended all performances in its Old World home. The accomplishment is a credit to Josef Meier, portrayer of the Christus and leader of the Black Hills group.

People are curious about Meier. They want to know what happens to a man who nearly every day of his life takes the role of Jesus Christ. They ask if he tries to live the part offstage. He is, happily, less embarrassed by the question than his interrogators.

"That is the way they usually put it," Meier says, half apologetically. He speaks with a faint accent. "But they don't mean what they say. It would be fatal for an actor to be vain about a role that must be played with humility to succeed. People really want to know what effect the stage business has on my private life, and that is hard to answer. Perhaps, because of it, I have a little more patience, a little better understanding of others, but that is all."

That self-estimate is essentially correct. Meier, 38, is offstage almost embarrassingly normal without beard, wig, and white robe. Even his spear-carrying supers, recruited locally, have

failed to recognize him in a group in street clothes backstage. Like many traditional Christus players abroad, he once wore his hair and beard long. He cut them off after he came to America because they labeled him an eccentric.

Meier led his people to America from the small city of Lünen, in Westphalia, Germany, 11 years ago, after drilling them and himself for months in English. The only other company from Europe to tour America, the Freiburg Passion Play, gave performances in the original German.

After a few successful months, Meier, liking America and sensing trouble in Europe, decided the company would never return if he could help it. The depression caught them, but Meier's only thought, as funds vanished, was to fight it through in the New World. He held them together on penniless tours through the icy Midwest, and through summer "vacations" when they worked as farm hands, in restaurants, in small radio stations—any place where they could raise the funds to continue. He did not find a home for them in the Black Hills until 1937. Yet only six members of the cast broke away, who found the language barrier too formidable at their age. They returned to Germany.

The company today is a mixture of

*Condensed and reprinted by special permission of The Saturday Evening Post, copyright 1943, by the Curtis Publishing Company. Philadelphia, Pa. April 24, 1943.

shopkeepers' and farmers' sons and daughters who came from Westphalia, all of them American citizens now, and recruits from the theatrical world.

The prospect of four long summer months at their Black Hills home, where the Passion Play is staged outdoors only two or three nights a week, helps the cast carry on with heavy winter schedules calling for two and sometimes three performances a day. One day in Spokane, Wash., to cope with an unexpected and insistent outpouring of school children, they gave three matinees and an evening performance.

They have no problems of temperament. The scenes, from Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem, through the Last Supper, the betrayal, crucifixion and ascension, follow a formalized pattern established centuries ago. Interpretation of the characters likewise must conform, which clamps a tight lid on would-be prima donnas and the professional jealousies they might arouse. The principal roles are considered permanent employment. In Lünen they were inherited; Meier is the seventh of his name to play the Christus.

Because of its drama, the role of Judas is the most envied, one that every man in the company would like to play, including Meier, who once or twice a year takes a histrionic workout as the earthy, dramatic betrayer, while John, traditional understudy, plays the Christus.

The Black Hills Judas, Leland Stanford Harris, veteran of many Ameri-

can road-company roles, after six years in the part worries only about the far-off day when age will force him to retire. Harris, although entitled to brag of California as a native son, boasts only of Spearfish, S.D. His enthusiasm is shared by the entire company, and is part of the reward accruing to the city fathers who brought Meier and his Passion Play to their little town (pop. 2,139) on the northern fringe of the Black Hills. The principal reward, up to this year of travel rationing, has been tourists. Seventy-five thousand have attended the outdoor performances in the last three years.

Meier is sure that he found in the Black Hills the ideal spot in all America to build his New World Passion Play. From the day he vetoed a return to Lünen he determined that the players must have a permanent home. Locations in the Ozarks and on the Upper Mississippi were inspected, but their proximity to large populations lost out to the summer-weather records out in Spearfish.

"The nights are cool. There are no mosquitoes. And only once in each of the last two summers have we had to postpone a performance because of rain," Meier sums it up. The company in 1937 made a special trip to Spearfish, after a friend had opened negotiations. The play was staged in the auditorium of the State Teachers' College and afterward, in bright moonlight, Meier was taken to inspect the Widow Minton's pasture just east of town.

As he walked along the hillside Meier could distinctly hear the conver-

sations of two of the party far below him in a level field. "This is it," he told himself, and later justified his hunch by building seats for 8,000 in the widow's natural amphitheater without having to scoop away so much as a wagonload of earth. Thirty acres were bought by a corporation formed by various interests in Spearfish, including the churches, which put up \$28,000 to settle the Passion Play in the Black Hills.

The bowl faces east, toward the town, which is hidden in a valley below a grove of trees. Lookout Mountain juts up on beyond the trees, like a gigantic backdrop for the stage, which is longer than two city blocks and provides permanent settings for a dozen of the Passion Play's Biblical scenes.

Meier and the more zealous members of his company have helped as carpenters and in pouring concrete, adding to the set year after year until it has become at least twice the size of anything similar in Europe. That, to Meier, is as it should be, a realization of ambitions he never could have fulfilled abroad.

"Over there you cannot expand," he explains. "Everything has been fixed in its allotted space so long that there can be no change; this was true of the place near Lünen where we gave the play six weeks each year."

The outdoor stage where, at the age of 10 weeks, he had his introduction to religious drama as one of the children who receive our Lord's blessing (the same scene in which his five-year-

old daughter, Johanna, appears today) was built in the pattern followed in almost all European towns where people of the community traditionally present the Passion Play.

There is a central stage, where our Lord's farewell to Mary in Bethany, the Last Supper, the Garden of Gethsemane, King Herod's court, the crucifixion and resurrection are enacted. Pillars and steps to the left of this central stage serve for the scenes outside Pilate's palace, while a similar setting to the right becomes the inner temple of the high priests. The Black Hills players, on tour in theaters and auditoriums, use a set of this description.

Theatrical backgrounds for the Passion Play date back to the 17th century, when the people took over and elaborated Lenten-season pageants begun centuries before. The Lünen play is said to have originated with monks of the Cappenberg monastery in 1242.

In recent years the festival at Oberammergau, staged every tenth year, has been the best known of community pageants. Only a few localities in America present amateur religious performances: Bloomington and Zion, Ill.; Union City, N. J., and Baird, Neb., are perhaps best known. These plays are seasonal, but Meier's professional company has found that the time of year has no effect on attendance, except at Christmastime.

There are variations and elaborations, peculiar to every community, but fundamentally the Passion Play cannot veer far from Biblical lines. Meier champions simplicity, and for

that purpose rewrote the Black Hills script eight years ago. Not a word has been changed since.

The Black Hills company has toured nearly every city except New York. Meier has no desire to tackle Broadway—or Hollywood, either, though he has had feelers from the movies. He would rather continue building solidly and permanently at Spearfish and on the road, instead of slicking up for a gamble with the bright lights.

His bookings are all arranged with local sponsors, and no matter what types of organization there may be, Meier and his representatives long ago realized that approval of a city's church leaders determines the Passion Play's success, not leaders of just one church, but of all faiths. He is justly proud of the manner in which his play has won even the most obdurate suspects of things theatrical.

Meier is a Catholic. Some of the men and women who came from Germany with him are Lutheran. In Lünen, at the time of the Reformation, the families responsible for the Passion Play split on religious matters, but did not let the difference hinder their annual presentation of the play. The religion of the cast likewise has no bearing on their professional work here.

Four years ago, just before Christmas, the company staged the play in the state penitentiary at Sioux Falls. The success of the performance of trustees acting as stagehands and supers gratified Meier, who wasn't sure how they would be received. The prisoners,

he noticed, were most moved at the point where our Lord, on the road to Golgotha, carrying the cross, is met by Mary, who cries out, "My Son, my Son!"

The thing most desired for the New World Passion Play is a chorus. Occasionally, church or club choirs will supplement the organist who travels with them. He hopes to build a choir and establish a music school at Spearfish, perhaps with the help of the Teachers' College, where members of the cast already teach dramatics classes in summer.

That will have to await the end of the war, which already has forced many changes in Passion Play plans. This summer, for instance, the number of performances at Spearfish will be cut in half. Gasoline rationing cut deeply into audiences last winter while the company toured the East. The players travel in auto vans and private cars, managing to get by with B ration cards by arranging an itinerary with short hops and engagements that last from one to four weeks in a city.

"During the depression I worried over so many things," Meier says. I worked hard all day on the play, and then sat up half the night struggling with letters and other paper work. It seemed a hopeless struggle until one night in the middle of the play as I spoke the lines to Judas, 'Do you not worry about the tomorrow,' it struck me that it was about time I took my own advice. I worked as hard afterward, but I haven't worried since."

Poland Fights for Life

Even the litany!

By MATILDA ROSE McLAREN

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Were you to visit a Royal Air Force bomber field and encounter a Polish girl, 27 years old, with a bright peasant scarf about her head, as if just setting out for a country hike, you'd be surprised to see her climb into a huge bomber and fly it off, just as any man. She is Anna. Because her family remained in Poland, the censors have asked me not to divulge her full name in order to avert reprisals.

Anna has long been flying Spitfires, Hurricanes, Mustangs, and two-engined bombers in the transport auxiliary. She is easily recognized. Fellow male fliers swallow lumps in their throats and salute when they see her. She was called into service with the Polish Army when the nazis first invaded her country. Since that memorable day, Anna has learned to fly heavy Blenheims and Wellingtons.

"That girl will fly anything with wings on," English pilots say.

Anna learned to fly in a simple glider, coached by her father, a veteran of the first World War. Military acrobatics became her specialty. She flew balloons and Polish RWD 8's and RWD 13's. When her government called her, she served with the first Aero Regiment of Poland. She did reconnaissance work in 17 battles, and although her plane was frequently hit, she always came through.

When the nazis raped her country, Anna flew her craft into Rumania, then through Jugoslavia, and finally into France. In the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, she ran into a Polish officer, her father.

Upon their arrival in England, authorities hesitated to give Anna flying permission. She was told to take up a Tiger Moth, at her own risk, unaccompanied. Anna had never flown a Moth; but, unhesitatingly, she studied the controls, took it up and set it safely down. Immediately, she was commissioned; now both she and her father are serving in Britain.

Anna is in the Air Transport Auxiliary Service. But she flies with a gay smile, and a leaden heart. She was engaged to marry a Polish officer in the R.A.F. In the first Cologne raid he was severely wounded and ordered to spend six months in a hospital. In ten days he flew again. He revisited Cologne; he went to Dieppe; then to Frankfurt, and did not return from that raid.

Other Catholic Poles are distinguishing themselves in the service of the United Nations. Eighty-seven bullet holes were the souvenirs a Messerschmitt left in the crippled body of the Polish pilot Kaszys. For three months he lay in a Warsaw hospital which was repeatedly bombed. He is

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. May, 1943.

one of 346 Polish fliers who tried to defend Warsaw from 4,320 German planes. The fight was 15 to 1.

While in the hospital, Kaszysz plotted escape with his physician. Though hampered by his crippled leg they had to use the more inaccessible paths to avoid Gestapo patrols, and were forced to flounder across the Carpathian mountains in deep snow. Twice they were almost caught, and hid for endless hours, freezing, in snow caves. At times, the physician had to carry the still weak pilot on his back. They finally reached Slovakia and joined other Poles trekking towards France. Finally reaching Paris after a trip of 900 miles, Kaszysz had to be hospitalized. When Germany overran France the pair had to repeat their agony. On a small boat, many times bombed en route, they all arrived on English shores.

Today, Pilot Kaszysz has a number of nazi planes to his credit. He is serving as wing commander with a Polish fighter squadron and works with calculated determination. He has an old score to settle with Goering.

So, too, has Lieut. Karel Kuttelwascher, a Czech who has made aviation history. Awarded the highest British flying honor, the D.F.C., after less than a month in English service, he was the first ever to receive a *second* D.F.C.! He earned it by destroying 22 nazi planes. He is considered the R.A.F.'s most daring night-fighter pilot. Like many other officers in the Czech Air Force until Hitler's invasion, he escaped to France. These men knew that invasion meant ultimate

war, despite all the fine talk coming out of Berlin.

In the French Army young Karel served as sergeant pilot and won the *Croix de Guerre* for courage in three battles. When France fell he crossed the Channel. Karel was one of the first to be trained in British planes. After 48 hours of flying English ships, he confronted the enemy. He prefers night flying and, like all good soldiers, is reticent. He says simply, "I have a score to pay off on behalf of my country and my people. And I have a score to pay off for what the nazis have done with their bombs to England, my host."

On one occasion he visited three German airfields, destroyed three of their planes and was back at his dispersal hut in an hour and 40 minutes. Of his excursion he said, "I had stuck around over one airfield for ten minutes and saw no sign of life, so I flexed to another. There I saw six murderous Heinkels, circling at 2,000 feet. I wasted no time; came in behind one and pressed my gun buttons. It was a short burst. The enemy nose-dived to the ground. I picked out a second, then a third. Now it had to be quick work. The others had been radioed that I was about. When I left the field I saw the wreckage of three ships."

On many "hunts" Kuttelwascher is accompanied by the British squadron leader, MacLachlan. Their score is invariably a tie.

"He's a wonderful man, this MacLachlan," says Karel. "They shot off his arm over Malta, he jumped 20,000

feet, and three weeks later he was flying again!"

Sharing honors is only one of Kar-el's many fine qualities. Next to seeing his homeland destroyed, he grieves over the ruthlessness of a *Kultur* which would rob him and his people of their religion and freedom.

Anna, Kaszys, Kuttelwascher and other Catholic patriots know that the pagan nazi term, "protectorate," is vicious propaganda. With villages demolished and plowed under there will never be a "home sweet home" to return to.

Art work and hundreds of thousands of books from libraries were shipped from their countries to Germany, along with the best of food and clothing from "protected areas." What libraries remain, frequently carry huge signs over their front doors: *No Poles Admitted or Czechs Not Allowed*. In their own countries!

Frequent man hunts and mass deportation of Poles for forced labor are reported. No stories of darkest African slavery can equal this practice. But the world will know. In Lodz, nazis surrounded a social-insurance establishment and took away several hundred clients. Regularly, agents of the *Arbeitssamt* patrol city streets and grab even 12-year-old boys. In Ostrezesow, one Sunday, men leaving Mass were taken, breakfastless, and hurried to nazi labor camps.

To police conquered territory, supervise industry, and make *Lebensraum* in crowded Germany, hundreds of nazis now live in "protectorates," and

eat the best of everything. Grocery stores display cards, *Poles and Czechs not allowed before 10 a.m.* What's left after the nazis have filled their baskets isn't worth carrying home.

Bands of Hitlerites destroy crosses and wayside chapels, and profane cemeteries. The main doors of the Church of the Holy Cross, Lodz, have the sign, *Entry Forbidden to Poles*. The well-known pilgrimage cloister of the Franciscan Brothers in Lagiewniki has been transformed into a camp for German insane.

The nazi commissioner of Thann said, "A good Catholic cannot be a good National Socialist. Officials of the Third Reich must be before all things good nazis. Therefore they must choose one or the other: either Jesus Christ or the Führer."

After the failure of Hess's mission to England, Hitler appointed Martin Burman in his place. Burman immediately issued a number of edicts against Christianity, because "it cannot be reconciled with the nazi creed." His orders have had results.

The church of St. Roch in Poznan was transformed into a storehouse for the *Reichswehr*; the parish church became a carpenter shop. Dogs are kennelled by nazi police in the chapel of the primate's palace in Poznan; the church of the Sisters of St. Vincent has become a gymnasium. This poor city, a Catholic stronghold (population, 250,000) has suffered one humiliation after another. Before the invasion it boasted 30 churches and 47 chapels. Now, only two churches are available

to the Poles and one to the Germans.

Because the Gestapo found two empty cartridge cases in the kitchen of Father Roman Pawlowski, the 70-year-old priest was taken out and beaten until his clothes dripped blood; then, barefoot and without his cassock, he was shot before his helpless flock.

At Bydgoszcz about 5,000 men were imprisoned in one stable which allowed only crowded standing room. One corner was designated as toilet. Each morning, Canon Casimir Stepczynski, rural dean of parish priests, and a Jew had to clean this cesspool by hand. A curate who volunteered to perform this chore for the canon was cruelly beaten.

For two years now all theological faculties and seminaries have been closed, and it is impossible to ordain new priests.

Nazis in Poland have issued a decree prohibiting certain prayers and practices. Thus, the Polish Litany of the Blessed Virgin, containing the appeal, "O Queen of the Crown of Poland, pray for us," and the May 3 feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Patron of the Polish Republic, are now prohibited because the Polish state, as the decree declares, no longer exists. No wonder thousands of Catholic patriots like Anna, Karel Kuttelwascher and Pilot Kaszysz are pitting their very lives against the enemy.



Flight

This is the story of the flight into Egypt as told in pidgin English in the official *Bible History* of the Catholic Mission Press at Sek, New Guinea:

King Herodes he wait long treefellow king. Em he wait, he wait, treefellow king he no come bek. Herodes he salim (sendem) somefellow boy belong em, he talk long all: "Yufellow he go long Betlehem askim all man treefellow master he stop yet, na no got? All boy he come bek he spik: 'King, longtime treefellow master he go finish'." Now Herodes he cross too much. "Wotfor treefellow king he gemanim (fool) me! Me strongfellow king too much. Yufellow he long Betlehem, kilim olgeder pikinini he no got twofellow yar yet."

Yosef he sleep. God salim (send) angelo long Yosef. Angelo he talk: "Herodes he like kilim Yesus. Yufellow go long Egipt." Yosef he no cross. Maria, too, he no cross. Twofellow sitdown long donki he go.

All soljer he comeup Betlehem, all he like kilim pikinini Yesus. Alsom plenti pikinini he dai for Yesus. All he santu, all he martir. All he stop now long heven, all he play now wantaim (with) Yesus alsom Maria. O Santu Pikinini belong Betlehem, yufellow he dai for Yesus. Me like yufellow helpim long me.

The Little Missionary (Jan. '43).

Nun's Escape

By SISTER MARY HENRIETTA

Condensed from the *Bulletin**

The Marines do it again

A thrilling and pathetic saga of adventure in the South Pacific war area is contained in letters to Father Remy Goudreau, O.F.M., of St. Philip's Friary in Statesville, N. C., from his sister, Sister Mary Henrietta, a Marist nun, who for the last 16 years has labored as a missionary in the Solomon Islands. Sister Henrietta, 39 years old, was born in Central Falls, R. I. She entered the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary in Boston, and made her novitiate in Lyons, France. Her letters were written from St. Theresa's convent, Wellington, New Zealand.

I am in beautiful New Zealand for the duration. I can hardly speak English; 16 years in the missions have made their mark, at least in this respect. Already I have begun my training to be a nurse.

It seems incredible that hardly a month ago we were in the jungle running from the Japanese. The Japanese moved into Buka Island, only five miles from our mission at Tarlena, at the beginning of March, 1942. It was not long before they decided to bomb us, so it was not long either before we decided to evacuate. We went into the bush and hid there for a week. It had rained all that week. When the Japanese stopped firing at us, we came back to our mission.

On Monday of Holy Week (March 30, 1942) a Japanese warship came into the little harbor. Soon it was firing at our mission for all it was worth.

Then a landing party was seen coming ashore. We made a beeline for the jungle. We stayed there a week, and during that time we noticed that the Japanese were quite punctual; they arrived every morning at eight. Then they would fire at our mission and afterwards the landing party would come ashore. At three in the afternoon they would sail away. Every night we returned to our mission. After the visit of the first landing party there was absolutely nothing left at the mission. Food, clothing, everything was gone and what they could not take along they destroyed.

We kept up this hide-and-seek until Holy Saturday. We were getting tired of it, so we asked a Chinaman who operated a trading post to notify the Japanese that if they stopped firing at us, we would come out of our hiding place. The next day we waited and as the Japanese did not fire, we came out. The landing party that met us that day was very courteous and treated us well enough. I was amazed to hear so many of them speak English. Every time they wanted anything they would call us "Captain."

Of course, it was not always as nice as that. Every day brought a different ship and a different landing party. Some were not courteous at all. They

*Of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, 216 Southern Finance Bldg., Augusta, Ga. April 24, 1943.

would come with bayonets pointing at us, and the way they shouted I thought it was the end for me.

Oftentimes there would be five or six Japanese warships in the harbor. It seemed strange, but whenever there was a large number, that usually meant that American airplanes would come to pay us a visit. As a rule they came at night on their way to bomb a nearby Japanese airport.

The natives of our villages were very good to us. They hid some clothing and food. In some other villages, however, the natives were paid by the Japanese to watch us. It was impossible to send word to Bishop Wade, who was worrying about us. Every move we made was known to the Japanese.

Finally, news came that some priests and nuns had been killed by the Japanese at Guadalcanal. We knew that some of the missionaries at Buin had been forced onto a Japanese warship and taken away as prisoners. We were wondering if a similar fate awaited us.

On the eve of Thanksgiving, Father Lebel arrived. He had walked all day through the jungle so as not to be seen by anyone. When he arrived he told us we had 30 minutes to escape. We had no time to take any food or clothing with us; three Japanese warships were already entering the harbor.

We removed our veils and put dark cloths over our heads and out we went. We walked all that night and all the following day. When night came we stopped, but I was too tired to eat anything. I just dropped to the ground and went to sleep. A few minutes after-

ward we began walking again, until we arrived at a native village. There I had a cup of tea and after exchanging my habit with one of the nuns, I hung mine up to dry, for it was still raining. I wrapped myself in a woolen blanket and it seemed a luxury to sleep on a dry floor.

The following days were all alike. We walked and walked. One night an American airplane came overhead and dropped some provisions near us. By this time we had met some Australian soldiers and they helped us climb the mountains to a good hiding place. They gave us food and brought us to a large, comfortable house. Imagine our surprise when we found three of our Sisters already there waiting for us.

My shoes were quite old and they soon gave way. I tried to fix them with some leaves, but it was useless. I was finally forced to throw them away. While walking without shoes in the hills I had to step on those black worms so common in our mountains here. To touch them with the bare skin causes an irritation that is like a burn. I must have crushed many for my feet were quite swollen by this time. One of the priests gave me his shoes and even though they were too big, they were better than nothing.

Eight other Sisters met us at our hiding place. Some of them had been walking for more than eight days and were exhausted.

We remained at our hiding place until Christmas. As we were finishing midnight Mass, the priest who was

watching the sea rushed in and informed us that three Japanese warships had anchored near by and that landing parties were already on their way to the shore. Evidently some of the natives had told them where we were. This time it was a mad rush, with the Japanese in pursuit. We went through rivers and woods; nothing could stop us. One night the Japanese were hardly two miles away. Some of the natives would tell us where the Japanese were and one night while we were asleep in a little grass hut built for us by some natives, the Japanese made a complete circle around us without detecting where we were. One of the friendly natives was guiding them.

We left the island of Bougainville by submarine. The submarine was about four miles from shore. We were at the rendezvous for about an hour, when all of a sudden we heard the sound of a motorboat approaching. The motorboat had a rubber boat attached to it. You can imagine our joy when we saw American sailors. The boats brought us to the submarine, where other sailors helped us aboard and practically pushed us into the submarine through a small opening.

The inside of the submarine was crowded with all sorts of gadgets; I was afraid to touch anything. The sailors and officers aboard gave us their bunks and one of the Sisters said she could not sleep at all the first night because her bunk was right over a torpedo. Since I had a temperature and my feet were quite swollen, they gave me the captain's room. When we came

aboard we were hungry and the food we received was excellent. In submerging, the operation was done very slowly lest we become frightened. I could hardly believe we were under water, so I asked the doctor who was taking care of me if we were submerged and he said we were down about 100 feet.

It was necessary to proceed carefully, since Japanese submarines prowled in the surrounding waters. We traveled about 40 miles that day and in the evening we came to the surface. What a relief to breathe fresh air after spending so much time without it! As we were going up everyone aboard began to gesticulate. It was rather amusing to see them open and close their mouths. As the fresh air came in, my ears began to hum; then the pressure became painful. A sailor showed me what to do and after a few minutes I could hear again. It is necessary to exercise the muscles of the face by opening and closing the mouth.

The next day was New Year's. We were served an excellent dinner. Despite the fact that I was unable to walk because of the condition of my feet after so much running from the enemy before our rescue, I had a grand time. I remained in a chair and greatly enjoyed the holiday meal and the conversation of the officers and men. Every one was so thoughtful we were able to forget the terrifying experiences of being hunted by the Japanese.

Later on we went below the surface and from where I was seated I could watch the men at work. It was really marvelous. One kept on saying how

deep we were. Another, who had ear-phones, suddenly said a Japanese submarine was approaching. An order was given and we went in the opposite direction.

After three days in this Japanese zone we arrived in the vicinity of Guadalcanal. The sailors carried us to the rubber boat. It was dark and it was still raining very hard. From the submarine we went to a destroyer about a quarter of a mile away.

We went below to dry our clothes. There we were brought food and made really comfortable. Meanwhile our friendly submarine with its very kind captain and crew disappeared. May God bless them.

The next morning we arrived at Guadalcanal, where we met a huge transport. Many of the soldiers were still getting off while the Marines who had been there from the beginning were getting ready to leave for a well-earned rest. There was a whole fleet there with us. Soon we got on our way. It was beautiful to see the destroyers

maneuvering around us constantly.

When I left the Solomons I brought with me three half-caste girls. Naturally, they were poorly clad, and the Marines gave them some heavy sweaters. I suppose it was because the Marines were struck with pity at seeing us in such a terrible condition that they decided to take up a collection. You can imagine my surprise and happiness when they gave me \$370. At first I did not want to take it, but one of their officers said the boys would be disappointed. Well, that sum will help us to live here for some time.

The Red Cross seems to be everywhere. The American Red Cross is here in New Zealand and they have helped us quite a bit already. They gave us some clothes, which we needed badly.

Please do not forget to pray for us and never forget those courageous sailors who rescued us from the Japanese. Pray also for the Marines and soldiers out here. They have been so good and kind to us.



Flights of Fancy

His depression lifted at the corners.
—*Margaret Cousins.*

She will gladly take him for butter
or for wurst.—*Bugs Baer.*

He ate like a woman packing a
trunk.—*Clementine Paddleford.*

A plane traveling as fast as a home-
sick angel.

Crickets Morse-coding in the twi-
light.—*Victoria Lincoln.*

Happy girlhood—hip-free and not
yet calory conscious.—*Kimbrough and
Skinner.*

The Good Acre

By EVERETT G. REID

Condensed from *Land and Home**

Food is where you grow it

Victory gardening is an old business with our family. When we began our modest experiment in self-sufficiency on one acre back in 1933 it was called "subsistence gardening." At that time money was scarce and commodities overabundant and cheap. According to my carefully kept diary I cheerfully worked a nine-hour day for \$1.50 and considered myself lucky when I had work to do. Having earned \$1.50 I could take it to town and buy:

1 sack flour	\$.48
10 pounds sugar40
1 peck potatoes10
3 pounds lard18
1 can tomatoes08
1 pound butter20
1 can pork and beans06

It was then that we made the following resolution: "We will never buy anything that can be made or grown at home."

While other men were wearing out their shoes seeking nonexistent jobs, I stayed home and hoed potatoes, beans and carrots. My wife combined these vegetables with a half pound of salt pork (4c) in a kettle of water and produced a tasty, satisfying meal. We ground a few ears of corn, added a few huckleberries, and enjoyed that great delicacy, huckleberry muffins. A creamed mixture of new potatoes, peas

and green beans was a dish to relish, even in times of plenty. No one ever left our table hungry even though cash was practically unknown.

Winter held no fears for us. Our cupboards were loaded with canned goods and our yard broke out in a rash of pits holding potatoes, root vegetables, cabbages, pears and apples. Certainly at that time we did not overemphasize its value when we named our homesite The Good Acre.

Today, ten years later, the picture is completely reversed. Now I earn nearly as much in one hour as I then earned in nine. I have been offered and have refused six jobs in one day. Today it is money that is valueless and commodities that are priceless.

When I can command so much cash for my labor do I still think it is worth while to putter with peas and cabbages? Most certainly, for although money is so much more easily come by, the markets are bare of products that can be bought with it. Today the \$1.50 that was a day's wages ten years ago will buy:

1 sack flour	\$.95
1 peck potatoes45
1 pound lard	?

No, that's not wishful thinking. When I *can* buy lard, the grocer will allow me only half a pound, and that costs

*3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. March, 1943.

18c. Butter and canned tomatoes are as scarce as dollars were in 1933. Canned beans are only a memory, and sugar is doled out on a ration card. Considering the value of the food it will produce, our land is still The Good Acre.

An acre of land, or as many as one can buy without going too heavily into debt, is the best investment for any family's money. It is of little consequence to the subsistence or victory gardener whether money is scarce or plentiful. In good times or bad his land is his stanchest support. Today, as in 1933, the source of our next meal is our smallest worry. Whether it is the bank's vaults or the grocer's shelves that are empty, we know that out in our back yard we have the raw material for many a full plate.

While thousands of families are wondering how they will manage on their allotments of canned fruit and vegetables for a year, we check our seed catalogue against the number of full cans left from last season still on our shelves and plan the number we will need to fill with tomatoes, greens and pickles to carry us through next winter. We know that, barring outright catastrophe, there will be a great plenty.

Although the government has issued a warning that jar covers may be scarce, that is no cause for worry. Drying was in use before canning and many dried products are vastly superior to canned. It is far easier to dry corn than it is to can it and the dried product is much tastier. It has a chewy

goodness that commercial canners try hard to imitate. Dried peas, too, are better. Snap beans, strung on strings and hung in a hot attic, dry into "leather britches," much esteemed in the South. In a fruity cake, dried apples will replace raisins now becoming so scarce. Much of this drying can be trusted to the sun.

Then there are the regular dried foods, mostly grains, but some vegetables. We grow our share of them, too. Navy beans, soybeans and field peas all contain protein and fat to help overcome the deficiency caused by the meat shortage. Although not complete proteins, such as animal products provide, their good qualities are not to be despised. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has a free bulletin telling how to make milk, cheese and butter from soybeans. It looks like a lot of work and we have never tried it, but we do use soybeans in soup and for baking.

Enriched flour and bread are outstanding food contributions to this era. The process seems very complicated to the layman and no doubt it is. First the miller removes natural vitamins from the flour. A great laboratory makes a high-priced substitute for them and then the baker pours it back in again. We save all this fuss by leaving them in in the first place. A quarter of an acre will produce enough wheat (rye is also good, and easier to grow) to fill our bread needs. We thresh it by grasping the stalk ends and beating the grain heads against the wall. The grain is coarsely ground through a

\$3.50 hand flour mill which should be a part of the equipment of every subsistence household. A coffee grinder can be used if one is available, and that is about the only use there is for one nowadays. A little white flour is needed to make the yeast sponge, and the bread is best if it is raised once, and then formed into loaves and baked in a slow oven without further raising. It is brown, sweet, crusty, chewy, and delicious. Of course it doesn't have the air cells that make raised bread light; light bread can be made with whole wheat but it lacks the fine flavor of the ordinary product.

The little mill will also make fine meal from flint corn. This must be ground twice, first coarse and then fine, and screened through a flour sieve to remove the hard husks—fine feed for chicks.

Spinach is a stubborn weed to grow so we replace it with rutabaga tops. We prefer them to the southerner's turnip greens because they are smooth, and just as succulent.

We also use our flour mill in making a coffee substitute. Either wheat or soybeans, when ground and lightly roasted, will make a drink that is fit to wash down the doughnuts of a king.

A beverage as good as China ever exported can be brewed from sage leaves. A further inducement to growing this plant is that it is an independent, hardy perennial with tall, lavender, spiked flowers that attract clouds of those airy sprites, the hummingbirds.

Nuts are another good source of fat

and protein. Hazelnuts make a good border hedge and produce one of the easiest nuts to grow. Hickory, black walnut or butternut trees make fine shade and ultimately will produce abundant food.

Sunflowers rank with nuts as food. The Russians have chewed these seeds for generations to obtain fat that sticks to their ribs. The Germans are using them to make margarine. They also make a fine windbreak around the garden and are excellent food for rabbits or chickens.

From an acre of grain and vegetables there are a lot of waste products such as cornstalks, cabbage leaves, and vegetable peelings. We turn these into meat and one of the finest cooking fats by feeding them to a few geese. We have not found it wise to attempt to raise more than six geese on an acre.

If our victory garden is to be true to its name it must be victorious over its enemies. Bugs, disease and slovenly work are the major ones. The gardener who plans, plants, sprays and cultivates most efficiently reaps the greatest harvest. We countenance no vacant ranks in our garden army. As soon as one rank is demolished we have another ready to take its place.

This is truly victory gardening: victory not only over the enemies of our nation but victory over enemies we meet and contend with daily, in war or peace; victory over depression and inflation, poverty, hunger, and disease; victory over the ration book and the man at the employment office who says, "Nothing today."

I Served on Bataan

By LIEUT. JUANITA REDMOND

Eye-witness account of mass murder

Condensed chapter of a book*

At ten o'clock on Easter Monday the first wave of Japanese bombers struck our hospital unit in Bataan.

Someone yelled, "Planes overhead!" But these words had become so familiar that few of us paid attention. I went on pouring medications, and then the drone of the planes was lost in the shrill crescendo of a crashing bomb.

It landed at the hospital entrance and blew up a passing ammunition truck. The concussion threw me to the floor. There was a spattering of shrapnel and pebbles and earth on the tin roof. Then silence for a few minutes.

I heard the corpsmen rushing out with litters, and pulled myself to my feet. Precious medicines were dripping to the ground from the shattered dressing carts, and I tried to salvage as much as possible.

The first casualties came in. The boys in the ammunition truck had been killed, but the two guards at the hospital gate had jumped into their foxholes. By the time they were extricated from the debris that filled up the holes both were shell-shock victims. There were plenty of others.

Outside the shed a guard yelled, "They're coming back!"

They were after us, all right.

In the orthopedic ward, nurses and

corpsmen began to cut traction ropes so that patients could roll out of bed if necessary, broken bones and all. In my ward several men became hysterical; I would have joined them if I could. It was all I could do to go on being calm and acting as if I had everything under control.

"They're very near us!" came the warning from outside.

Father Cummings had entered, and standing in the middle of the shed where all could see him, he asked us to repeat the Lord's Prayer with him.

Then the second wave of bombs fell.

That one hit the mess and the doctors' and nurses' quarters. When the ripping and tearing of crashing wood and the roar of minor explosions diminished, I could hear shrieks of pain outside, the helpless sobbing of men in the wards, and Father Cummings' quiet voice praying.

Through the open sides of the sheds came flying debris, clouds of dust, limbs of trees, wrenched boards with protruding nails.

It wasn't over. Even in the first few moments of quiet, we heard the planes coming back.

We couldn't do anything but wait. That was the awful part; we couldn't do anything.

This time they scored a direct hit on the wards. A 1,000-pound bomb pul-

*I Served on Bataan. 1943. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 167 pp. \$1.75.

verized the bamboo sheds, smashed the tin roofs into flying pieces; the iron beds doubled and broke jaggedly like paper matches. Sergeant May had pulled me under a desk, but the desk was blown into the air, he and I with it.

I heard myself gasping. My eyes were being gouged out of their sockets, my whole body was swollen and torn apart by the violent pressure. "This is the end," I thought.

Then I fell back to the floor, the desk landing on top of me, and bouncing around drunkenly. Sergeant May knocked it away from me, and gasping, bruised and aching, sick from swallowing the smoke of the explosive, I dragged myself to my feet. I heard Freeman, our boy with no legs, calling out:

"Where's Miss Redmond? Is Miss Redmond alive?"

He was being carried out; fortunately, he had rolled out of bed, and though he had been covered with debris he was, except for a few scratches, unhurt.

Father Cummings said casually, "Somebody take over. I'm wounded." He had shrapnel in his shoulder.

Only one small section of my ward remained standing. Part of the roof had been blown into the jungle. There were mangled bodies under the ruins; a blood-stained hand stuck up through a pile of scrap; arms and legs had been ripped off and flung among the rubbish. Some mangled torsos were almost impossible to identify. One of the few corpsmen who had survived unhurt climbed a tree to bring down a body

blown into the top branches. Blankets, mattresses, pajama tops hung in shattered trees.

We worked wildly to get to men who might be buried alive under the mass of wreckage, and tore apart the smashed beds to reach the wounded and dead. These men were our patients, our responsibility; we were all tortured by an instinctive, irrational feeling that we had failed them.

The bombing had ceased, but the air was rent by the screams of the wounded and the dying; trees still crashed in the jungle, and when one near by fell on the remaining segment of tin roof it sounded like shellfire. Shaking, and sick at our stomachs, none of us who was able to go on dared stop even for a moment.

I saw Rosemary Hogan being helped from her ward. Blood streamed from her face and her shoulder; she looked ghastly.

"Hogan," I called, "Hogan, is it bad?"

She managed to wave her good arm at me. "Just a little nose bleed," she said cheerfully. That was Hogan, all right. "How about you?"

"I'm O.K."

She was led off to Surgery, which luckily still stood.

Then Rita Palmer was taken from her ward. Her face and arms had been cut and her skirt and G.I. shirt had been blown off.

I asked a doctor about the other nurses.

"They're all safe," he said.

But there was no time for thankful-

ness; we were driven by a terrible urgency to save the twice-wounded patients still living; to save supplies that would keep them alive.

With the doctors, each nurse made a survey and a record of the living and the dead from her ward. Several of my boys died of shock; they hadn't been hit but were too weak to live through the explosion.

There had been about 1,600 make-shift beds in our hospital. Only 65 were left. Near-by camps were sending help, men and supplies, trucks, busses, and other vehicles, since most of ours were destroyed, and we transferred most of the patients to Hospital No. 2, keeping only those too badly injured to be moved. Rosemary Hogan and Rita Palmer were taken to Corregidor.

Perhaps I am making this sound as if it all took a long time. It didn't; it was all in the same day. And the bombers were still strafing us, though never as they had in the morning. We placed as many patients as we dared, near or in foxholes; but those whom it was too dangerous to move we had to leave in beds we had cleaned out in the section still standing.

The corpsmen tried to make the nurses stay near the foxholes, while they cleared the grounds and attended patients.

"We can run faster than you can," they said.

However, it was impossible to do much that afternoon. We waited for darkness and then the entire staff pitched in. We gathered as many records as we could find and salvaged

everything that could be used. There were holes to avoid and tin roofing that might collapse at any moment and we had to work by flashlight. We still uncovered arms and legs and mutilated bodies. That night there were many burials.

Usually the dead were buried as quickly and quietly and reverently as possible. A grave-registration unit attached to each hospital kept the records. When removing the dead, we tried not to disturb other patients in the wards, but beds were so close to each other that even at night someone was bound to hear. Often the patient in the next bed disappeared, especially if he were a Filipino, and hid under some other bed. He explained that if he stayed in his own bed, he would be the next to die.

But this was wholesale burial. We tried not to hear the scraping of the spades or the thud of earth thrown on earth, but we couldn't get away from it. We couldn't be impersonal or detached.

That night we stayed in our foxholes. I didn't sleep. We hadn't eaten since breakfast, but I wasn't hungry. We were like hunted animals, waiting for the kill, almost hoping it would happen quickly so that the torment of waiting would end. But stronger than that was anger; a hot desire to fight back, to avenge our dead.

What kind of human beings would deliberately bomb a hospital, defenseless, openly marked for what it was, filled with the wounded and sick?

I don't know. The only answer I had

found when I crawled out of my hole in the morning—my head aching, a crick in my back, my legs cramped—was not an answer but a conviction. This isn't a war in which anybody, *anybody*, is let off. Each single individual of us is in it and each must give everything he has to give. An enemy that will bomb hospitals and undefended cities, sick and injured men, or women and children and helpless old people, isn't an enemy you can ever come to terms with. The war must end without compromise.

It wasn't particularly original thinking, I know, but somehow it comforted me to have it clear and simple in my own mind. I could put the long thoughts of the people I would never see again into the background and go on about my work.

The bombers aimed at near-by targets all morning, and we gave medications between leaps into foxholes. I kept running back and forth between my ward and the trench until Alice Zwicker shouted after me, "Red, for heaven's sake, stop running around out there. They're coming over again. Get back here and put your helmet on."

It was crowded, damp and dark in the foxhole, but I jumped in obediently as the planes circled over. Zwick kept saying, "Oh, God, send them away. Oh, God, send them away." Finally they flew off, and instantly Zwick jumped up and shook her fist at them.

"You'd better not come back!" she yelled, and followed that warning with an angry stream of very fancy swear

words. We all shrieked with laughter, and she turned on us furiously.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded. "I don't see a damn thing that's funny."

"Do you really want to know?" I said.

"I certainly do. It seems to me you have a queer sense of humor."

I explained, "Just a few minutes ago you were praying so earnestly and then you turn around and in the same breath give the Japs unholy what-for in some of the finest cuss words I ever heard."

She was horrified. "I did no such thing," she said.

"Oh, yes, you did."

"But I *didn't* . . ."

"Never mind," said one of the girls soothingly. "If I go first I'll put in a good word for you."

The second evening, April 7, at six o'clock, heavy artillery shells burst through the jungles around our base. Unknown to us, Bataan was falling. Fort Drum, Fort Hughes, and Corregidor were firing on Bataan beyond our retreating troops, trying to hold back the Japs.

A little over an hour later, the nurses were ordered to be ready to leave in 15 minutes. A bus was provided, with Captain Nelson to drive us to the docks where we would embark for Corregidor.

There was much to be done and said in little time. We wanted to discuss certain details about patients, to leave careful instructions for the care of those we were particularly worried

about, to know what was happening, why we were ordered out.

It hurt to say good-by. All the doctors and corpsmen were there, and some kept saying it wasn't good-by; that in a few days we would be back

again, but nobody believed them. They said it had been good working with us. They said we had been brave soldiers.

"We'll be seeing you," they all repeated firmly.



Excellent Eligius

E, the modern symbol of the Army-Navy production award, could be an echo from the 7th century when Eligius, the master goldsmith, worked in precious metals. Eligius, the Bishop of Noyon, became the patron saint of metalworkers.

This saint was born of Roman parents in the year 590 near Limoges. In early youth he displayed an unusual talent for working in precious metals, and this was developed to perfection under the guidance of a noted goldsmith, Abbo, master of the mint at Limoges. So remarkable was the skill of Eligius, that King Clotaire commissioned him to make a throne, but from the gold and jewels supplied, he was able to make two. Honesty so rare won the esteem of the king, who appointed Eligius master of the mint at Marseilles, and also made him a member of the royal household. He lived there until King Clotaire died, and when Dagobert succeeded to his father's throne he appointed Eligius his chief councilor, which post he held until the death of Dagobert.

Guided by the monastic rule of St. Columbanus, Eligius led a life of great sanctity. It is recorded that he possessed the gifts of miracles and prophecy.

Into the port of Marseilles came shiploads of slaves and captives, Roman, Gallic, Breton, Saxon and Moorish. Eligius had great sympathy for their hardships and, in his zeal for their redemption, ransomed them at the cost of all his possessions, even clothes and food. After the death of Dagobert, he entered the priesthood, and about a year later was appointed bishop of a diocese inhabited largely by pagans, for whose conversion he labored unceasingly.

In the metalworkers of the 20th century we see a parallel to St. Eligius. No group of workers is more important in supplying essentials of war to enable our forces to free captive nations. When freedom has been restored to enslaved peoples of the earth, there must follow the feeding of the hungry and the conversion of pagans, even as in the time of St. Eligius, the patron of metalworkers.

Clare K. Brown.

Italy from Within

By RICHARD G. MASSOCK

Condensed from the book*

Where an Axis pinches

By the spring of 1942, fascism had ruined itself. There had been a considerable effort to increase the efficiency of the national machine, but this was defeated by the excessive centralization and the placing in office of incompetent, if not always dishonest, adventurers. The corporations, or guilds, which might have been a model for other nations to copy, were openly political instruments presided over by politicians. Political orthodoxy counted for everything.

The standard of living was sinking to a level almost without precedent, even in the days when Italy was shipping laborers to America. The social-insurance funds which were a bright promise that might have merited some of the social oppression of fascism were dissipated in the war.

There was no free speech, no free writing, no free association, no free industry. All was sacrificed to the material interests of a political party. The retail shopkeeper had to obtain a fascist license. No doctor, lawyer, teacher, or journalist could practice without the enrollment of his name by a special fascist committee, after it had looked into his conduct to see if it were politically irreproachable. The press was purely fascist, with the editors actually appointed and removed by the ministry of popular culture.

I lived among Italians, and saw what fascism did to them. It embittered them and made them a cynical race that would welcome foreign deliverance, but they were too disheartened to do anything about it except complain among themselves and to the democratic foreigners they could trust. They realized how the propaganda was systematically falsified, and before Pearl Harbor they came to me to learn what the real score was after a naval battle in the Mediterranean. They were disappointed that I, too, was cut off by the wall of fascist censorship and could not tell them.

In its second decade, fascism had softened and the cudgel was laid away with the castor-oil bottle as trophies of political victory. With the rising tide of defeatism, however, and under the compulsion of the Gestapo, the jails in every town and city of Italy were filled with those who had spoken against the regime within the hearing of an OVRA spy. Many of the prisoners were students. The fascist disciplinary commissions worked overtime sending Italians to confinement in the prisons or in the hill towns. Some were sent away only because they had American friends.

We were able to follow the depletion of Italian economy in the newspapers. The papers, for lack of news-

*1943 *The Macmillan Company, New York City.* 400 pp. \$3.

print, were cut to four pages daily, except for two days a week when they could publish six pages. In peacetime the larger papers ran to eight, ten, and even 12 pages, although, as in France, they were always small.

In October it became evident that Italy was not receiving a sufficient supply of coal from Germany and that, on the other hand, the Germans were becoming concerned over the increased prices which Italian exporters were charging for their products. As a result of the negotiations Germany engaged to increase its coal shipments slightly above the million tons a month promised in 1940. Italy agreed to peg the price of goods exported to Germany.

While Germany's original commitments to supply Italy's coal needs were nearly fulfilled for the first six months of 1941, transportation difficulties, aggravated by the diversion of cars to supply the German armies in the Russian campaign, led to a falling off in the late summer months. A coal shortage consequently existed throughout the winter. It was acutely felt by the public, for the consumption of coal for heating purposes was allowed only in the measure of 30% of the quota for the corresponding season of the previous year, when wartime restrictions already were in effect.

As a result, the houses of the Rome district were heated only in the morning and only for the brief period of 90 days. In Siena, as in Rome, the opera house and movie theaters were completely unheated, although there were 13 days when snow lay on the

city. The hotel was heated for a few hours in the morning and again in the late afternoon. A bootleg electric stove warmed our clubroom.

It was forbidden to use electricity for heating because an exceptional shortage of electric power, arising from a deficiency in the autumn rainfall, was crippling industry. The situation became so critical that the government was obliged to curtail the industrial consumption of current by 20% and later by 35%, relaxing this restriction to 20% again in March.

In the meantime the food problem had become constantly more pressing. In January it was found necessary to take control out of the hands of the party and effect a basic revision of the distribution system.

Despite this effort of the government, food difficulties became still worse in March. The shelves of the merchants in Siena had been pitifully empty, but they were made barer still by a drastic curtailment in the distribution of bread.

Sparing as they were, the initial rations had proved too generous to be maintained in the face of deliveries by farmers who withheld their grain from the government's compulsory collection service. No solution was left to the authorities but to spread still thinner the available supplies over the few months remaining before the new harvest. This was done by making a 25% cut in the basic ration, the supplementary allowances remaining unchanged. The basic ration for the general public thus became 150 grams (5.28 ounces)

of bread a day. This was stepped up to 450 grams (about a pound) for persons engaged in extra-heavy work.

If Italians are disillusioned with fascism, tired of war, hungry and oppressed; if they hate Mussolini, why, a friend asked me, do they not rise and overthrow their detested regime in a popular revolt and sue for a separate peace? Under ordinary circumstances the Italians would have been ripe for rebellion when we left Italy. But the circumstances were extraordinary. The Germans controlled the country then, and are even more alert to crush any revolt today.

There are, furthermore, other complications to Italy's situation. I believe that the majority of Italians would like a restoration of parliamentary self-government, as in the democracies, as the only system capable of giving them decent leadership and economic well-being. How to attain that desire is their problem.

Mussolini, as a socialist, wrote in 1911, "The masses will not fight." By that he meant that the easygoing Italians possess little civic courage. That is one factor in the situation. Another factor is the force that fascism has employed from its very birth, and still uses today. It lies in the fascist militia, whose motto is, "Believe, Obey, Fight." The grand council said, "The militia is a great political police. Its task, with or without the cooperation of the ordinary police forces, is that of rendering impossible any disturbance of the public order, any gesture or attempt at sedition against the fascist regime.

The militia is composed of the most carefully selected party members, recruited from volunteers coming from the Young Fascists at the age of 20. They are chosen because they are reliable fighters, physically fit, unquestioning, hero-worshiping enthusiasts. Some of the older militiamen, of tested political and combative reliability, veterans of Ethiopia and Spain, have been organized into M battalions, the symbol representing the first letter in Mussolini's name. Mussolini might possibly be able to muster 300,000 men with rifles and machine guns to defend his regime. The unarmed populace, if it rebelled, would have to overpower this militia.

With the tide of anti-fascism rising, it is not inconceivable that the public, given the right circumstances, could override the militia.

But the Italians have subsided into apathy and pessimism. They are defeatists in the war. They do not believe they can do anything about it, so they go on praying for peace and grumbling.

They were defeatists before the war, defeatists toward fascism. For 20 years they suffered and supported fascism. Mussolini said they were imbued with faith. If that was true the Italian people have lost faith in Mussolini, faith in their king, and, in many cases, faith in themselves.

One needs only to see the Italians standing at attention in the bars, while the daily war communique comes over the radio in solemn, measured tones, to appreciate how they have been in-

timidated by fascism. They stand because that is the fascist order. I know a bar where the proprietor turned off the radio just before the war bulletin was read, so that we Americans who were present would not be embarrassed by the regulation. He did that until word reached the party headquarters near by, and then a fascist officer in uniform took to visiting the bar at the moment of the broadcast to see that the rule was observed.

Furthermore, the anti-fascist movement in Italy lacks leadership. So long has Mussolini made all the decisions that others have lost the habit of leadership. Italy was in the hands of the fascist party, which is to say, in the hands of Mussolini, before it fell into Hitler's. And a Roman senator recorded the effect several years ago when he said that as the Duce grew big, the people of Italy grew small. The regime has done everything to discredit potential leaders, men like Badoglio, who now is old and therefore lacks the fire to kindle the opposition.

The supporters of fascism form a small minority of the population. They fall into three categories. First are those who are getting rich from high office in the party or from contracts obtained through party membership. They are the most loyal and presumably would defend Mussolini and his regime to the end. Then come the fanatical members, still imbued with the fascist dream of empire. The bitter weed of disillusionment may take root eventually among them. Finally, there are the few who believed the fascist propa-

ganda that was fed to them for 20 years and whose ranks thin more and more as the months go by.

The fascist ranks themselves have long been rent by bitter feuds. Every observer in Rome knew that the party had its left and right wings tugging at the center in which Mussolini stood. How strong are the differences, how deep the divisions, I do not know. But the rifts probably would widen at any sign of collapse.

To topple fascism, one must first remove Mussolini. Many have long believed that fascism is so built around one man that if the keystone should be removed the whole edifice would crumble, that the regime would crash if Mussolini went.

One often hears that Hitler in the end would commit suicide. In Catholic Italy there are few suicides and Mussolini is not of the suicidal type. He is not yet 60 years old. If his health remains as it is, lamentably good in the eyes of his enemies, if he escapes the assassin's bullet or bomb, will he go down fighting, or, with the wave of defeat lapping at his heels, accept exile as Napoleon did, or flee to it as did the Kaiser in the other World War?

The Italian people hold Mussolini personally responsible for Italy's tragedy. They hate him, and they loathe the Germans, as much as an amiable, industrious, easygoing, peace-loving people are capable of hatred. But that loathing has not yet reached the frenzy of armed revolution.

Nor has hunger yet reached the stage where the gnawing despair of

empty stomachs breeds armed defiance. Italy's food resources and faltering economy will probably last out another year. The stark famine of Greece is unlikely in Italy and the whole of Italy may never actually starve. But suffering from cold and malnutrition may increase.

In the future of Italy the questions are many. All the country seems to ask is a fair deal, peace, and the opportunity for its sons to work at home and abroad. In the meantime the Italians await a new leader. Will the liberating armies of the United Nations bring

him, or will they find him among those they liberate? That, at the moment, is a secondary question. The primary question is how long will the Italians have to wait for the defeat of Germany.

A friend, who left after we did, brought this story as the last out of Rome:

Said the Italian optimist, "I think we are going to lose this war."

Replied the Italian pessimist, "Yes, but when?"

That is the question the Americans and the British are answering.



Courtesy

In a group of tourists a young American college girl, carried away by her passion for flowers, found that she had not enough centavos left to buy the bunches of orchids, gardenias, and carnations she had selected. The little flower seller, understanding the situation, smiled at the tourist and cheerfully said, "*Si le gustan, guardelas, niña*" ("If you like them, keep them, little one"). Although obviously penniless, that child of Mexico spoke those words with genuine delight. She was glad to discover that a tourist, a *gringa*, had a heart like hers, that she loved *her* flowers, the flowers of Mexico. Not only did she make the offering with a radiant smile, but she arranged her flowers with maternal tenderness. The young *gringa* was so touched that her eyes moistened and, not knowing what else to do, she untied the bright scarf from around her neck and offered it to the little Indian. The latter graciously refused to accept the scarf. "*No, no, niña, es un regalo*," she said, with emphasis on the last word. "*No, no, my little one, it is a gift.*"

I understood what went on. I have seen many street venders smile when they sell their products, but their mercenary satisfaction does not resemble that smile. My *paisanita* had just discovered that *gringos* have souls; that they are human beings; that nothing stands between them and us.

From *A Latin American Speaks* by Luis Quintinilla (Macmillan, 1943).

Fighting America's War at Home

By JOHN EDGAR HOOVER

Termite exterminators, U. S. A.

Condensed from *Foreign Service**

For many months, the armed forces of the United Nations have experienced tremendous expansion, making ready for decisive victories over the Axis armies. At home is a job equally vital. The U. S., heart of the Allied offensive, must be impregnable to deterioration from within. Peak production in factory and on farm is mandatory.

It is the first-line task of the FBI to maintain the security front at home and protect against activities of enemy spies and saboteurs sent to our shores to gather vital information and slow down production. I am glad to say that American law enforcement, with the able cooperation of loyal citizens, has so far scored an overwhelming victory. The responsibility of protecting a nation in these perilous times is a dual one, shared by both the military and civil authorities.

Today, the work of the FBI takes our special agents into every city and town throughout the U. S. and its possessions. Our 56 FBI field offices, open 24 hours a day, are strategically spotted. Information pours daily from the field offices into FBI headquarters in Washington, D. C., where it is carefully studied, indexed, and correlated on a national basis. In the famed FBI Technical Laboratory at Washington, white-coated investigators with micro-

scopes and test tubes wage an unceasing war against America's enemies, foreign and domestic. Near by stands the massive Identification Division, a world clearinghouse of criminal information, with a reservoir of more than 63 million fingerprint cards. These widespread facilities operate as a single unit and when an important case breaks handle every ramification of it immediately.

Consider the Ludwig espionage case. This group of nine nazi spies was sentenced early in 1942 to a total of 132 years in federal prison. In breaking up this ring, the FBI scored a smashing blow against German espionage in America. For many months preceding arrest of the spies, special FBI agents kept them under surveillance and gathered evidence to prove their guilt.

The spies' principal method of communication to Germany was by letter. An innocent-looking personal letter would be mailed from New York to a co-conspirator in Spain, Portugal, Argentina, or even Germany. That person would tear off the outside envelope and send the previously addressed mail on to the appropriate person inside Germany. Even had the letter been intercepted, an outsider reading it would have noticed nothing unusual, for the vital message was written with invisible ink on the back.

*406 W. 34th St., Kansas City, Mo. May, 1943.

The master spy carried innocent-appearing white pills which, when dissolved in a glass of water, provided the necessary writing fluid. A small bundle of toothpicks in his vest pocket served as writing instruments.

One of these letters fell into the hands of the American authorities. It was quite innocuous in content, but when examined in the FBI laboratory, it turned out to be something quite different. On the back of the letter was a message prepared in invisible ink, relating to the items and nature of ship cargoes leaving New York harbor for Great Britain; data pertaining to the movement of British ships carrying supplies to England; details regarding aircraft construction; the identities, locations and number of troops in various garrisons of the U. S. Army; and other information pertaining to defense activities.

After conclusive evidence on this spy group was collected, the leader, Kurt Frederick Ludwig, was arrested late in the summer of 1941. He spent one night in a tourist camp near Yellowstone park, and during the evening FBI agents observed him burning numerous papers and documents. The charred fragments were retrieved, sent to Washington, and examined by FBI experts. The charred black pieces of what had once been small white cards were scrutinized; scientists read notations which contained information concerning location and strength of various Army detachments.

Handwriting experts in the FBI testified at the trial. They described how

ingenious methods of photography and indirect lighting are used to reproduce longhand and typewritten notations on sheets of seemingly solid black carbon paper. In this case, a typewriter ribbon was "read" by the laboratory technicians. Specialists in codes and ciphers explained to the court solutions of the most intricate espionage messages.

The inveterate bedfellow of espionage is sabotage, a term with a most sinister connotation in the first World War. Despite numerous acts of damage so far in this war, the FBI has not found one instance of foreign-directed sabotage. In the majority of cases, damage has been due to carelessness on the part of laborers, industrial accidents, and personal grievances.

A frequent sabotage act in Europe is the wrecking of trains carrying war materials or troops. Since transportation facilities are so important, the FBI has been alert for any such acts in this country. At an isolated spot in the lonely southern California desert, two of the highest and longest bridges on the main line of an important railroad were destroyed by fire shortly before daylight on March 29, 1942. The fires were discovered by an engineer who stopped his troop train a short distance from one of the flaming bridges. Had he not been alert, the train would have plunged to the desert below, carrying hundreds of soldiers to their deaths. Scarcely a week later two more bridges of the same railroad company were burned, and several days later the sabo-

teur struck again, this time destroying two section houses.

Special FBI agents got on the job immediately. A careful search revealed only a few footprints in the blown sands. They led agents to a crude den, fashioned from heavy brush, on a canal several miles away. Remnants of food, newspapers, and magazines were strewn about and agents also found a portion of a pasteboard carton on which were crudely printed and written words indicating dissatisfaction with wartime conditions. This material was sent to the FBI laboratory. A Vincent Palokis was interviewed as a suspect. Confronted with the mass of evidence found during the investigation, and with the discrepancies in his statements, Palokis confessed that he alone was responsible for all of the fires. Laboratory examinations conclusively proved that the handwriting on the pasteboard carton and the fingerprints found on the magazines were his. The saboteur was sentenced to 15 years in prison for violating the Wartime Sabotage statutes.

Guarding America from within is a tremendous responsibility; and when

President Roosevelt called upon the FBI nearly four years ago to take charge of counterespionage and sabotage work, he also asked local law-enforcement agencies to cooperate wholeheartedly. They, and patriotic citizens, too, are giving valuable service by exercising vigilance and reporting suspicious activities to the FBI.

While the investigation of these matters must be left to experienced law enforcement officers, we must have the intelligent cooperation of the American people. If you know any person or situation possibly dangerous to our well-being, report it at once to our nearest field office. Do not evaluate the matter, wondering if it is significant, for we would rather receive a thousand unfounded reports than miss one that is worth while. What may seem trivial in isolation may fit exactly into a case already under investigation.

How do you call the FBI? Consult your local telephone directory for the number of our office nearest you, or in an emergency, ask the telephone operator to connect you with our nearest office.



White House to Big House

Mrs. Roosevelt made an engagement to visit a prison but that morning she didn't have an opportunity to see the President and he didn't know of her plans. Later in the day President Roosevelt called Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary. "Where is my missus?" he asked. The secretary said, "She is in prison." And Mrs. Roosevelt quoted the President as having rejoined, "Well, I'm not surprised. But what for?"

Eleanor Roosevelt to the inmates of San Quentin prison, quoted in the *Northlander* (May '43).

Religious Freedom

Boasting epitaph

By WILLIBALD M. PLÖCHL

Condensed from the *Jurist**

It was in the late years of his life that Thomas Jefferson, third president of the U.S., wrote his own epitaph which now adorns the tombstone at Monticello:

*Here lies Thomas Jefferson,
Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.*

Nothing Jefferson ever did could better symbolize the ideals for which this true father of Americanism strove.

The *Act for Establishing Religious Freedom* of Jan. 16, 1786, did not make Virginia the first state to proclaim and secure freedom of worship. Calvert's Maryland patent, Roger Williams' effort in Rhode Island, William Penn's charter in Pennsylvania and Delaware, pioneered mutual toleration, but Virginia's statute gained great influence because it better reflects the philosophical principle of the Founders. The *Act for Establishing Religious Freedom* is the essential counterpart of the Declaration of Independence. Both, in combination, form a harmonious unity, acknowledging the necessary natural rights and duties of man in his relations to God and to his neighbors.

The new Virginia colony was an extension of the civil and religious gov-

ernment of the mother country, its political philosophy to be sought in the Acts of Supremacy and Conformity. Toleration or religious freedom was to be excluded. The instructions which accompanied the initial charter prescribed "that the true Word and Service of God be preached, planted, and used . . . according to the Rites and Doctrine of the Church of England," which was the only religion permitted, forming an integral element of the state. Citizenship and church membership were inseparable. Immigration of non-Anglican subjects was prohibited; and those "suspected to effect the superstitions of the Church of Rome" were expressly barred. Maintenance of this system was to be secured by placing control of the religious functions in the government.

This state of affairs existed when Lord Baltimore arrived in 1629. Refusal to take the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy barred him from the colony. Grant of the Maryland charter to the second Lord Baltimore in 1632 was the striking result. Rigorous orders reflecting the government's intent did not express the will of the people, however. Growing estrangement resulted in severe enforcement, in spite of liberal reaction after the Puritan Revolution. But increasing changes took place in the established church,

**Catholic University of America. Washington, D. C. April, 1943.*

as colonial life impressed its customs and ideas. In spite of official rigorism, the established church of Virginia was, in the middle of the 17th century, neither Episcopal, Presbyterian, nor Congregational, but peculiar and colonial. Union of church and state put the church under political control, and vestrymen were usually politicians, with church thoroughly subordinated to state.

Meanwhile there was need for industrious settlers and this with other factors influenced politicians. About the year 1650, a Catholic family by the name of Brent took possession of a large territory and received from James II in 1687 the right to "free exercise of their Religion without being prosecuted or molested." But although Captain Brent's records showed "his fidelity in not seducing any persons to the Roman Catholic religion," growing sentiment against Catholics, partly caused by the revolution in England and resentment toward Catholics in Maryland, resulted in continuance of a negative policy in Virginia. King James II's Declaration of Indulgence (1687) had been recognized only by proclamation of a Catholic governor. The policy of dispensing with the oaths and admitting as councilors men reputed to be Catholics were only episodes. We know of law proceedings against Catholic priests. The new Act of Toleration followed inherited Virginia policy: it did not apply to Catholics. Catholic services could be held only secretly.

The year 1699 is the turning point.

Up to this time the state determined what religion had to be, how the people had to worship. The citizen was obliged to obey the orders of the state not only in every usual civil matter and contribute to maintenance of this order, but he had to obey church regulations, and contribute to its support. After 1699 the existence of dissenters was at least acknowledged, and by successive victories the people attained the ultimate goal: religious freedom and disestablishment of the state church. Article 16 of the Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776, the famous act of 1786, the Two-Penny Acts of 1755 and 1758, the famous "parsons' cause" of 1763 and the repeal of the incorporation in 1787 were the steps to final victory. It was a victory of ideas.

There might have been a different outcome if the established church had been different. Powerful representation in the administration, the House of Burgesses and the Assembly was not sufficient for survival. It lacked true religious life and lost the people. The Virginia clergy, true to its training, still continued to preach to drowsy audiences. Cold rationalism claimed them. This dull and formal world did not attract those who longed for religion. They turned to the great evangelical revival as represented by the dissenting sects. When the Revolution rudely swept away an obsolete regime, the established church, as a political remnant, became an anachronism, unfit in its actual legal form for the future of Virginia.

Meanwhile the Toleration Act was

only technically recognized. Acts disqualifying recusants from voting, holding offices, having guardianship of children, were directed either against "popish recusants" only or recusants in general. There was a rather grotesque *Act for disarming Papists and reputed Papists*, in one of the last outbursts of intolerance in 1756. But such actions could not prevent the final collapse of a decaying regime.

The state of mind of those days is reflected in a law of 1755. Failing crops, and burdens of the French war prompted this act "to enable the inhabitants of this colony to discharge their tobacco debts in money for this present year." Renewed in 1758, it was known as the Two-Penny Act since all debts, including taxes, could be discharged in money at two pence per pound of tobacco. As salaries of the ministers were public burdens, imposed on tithables of the parish, the discharge of this obligation at a very low rate affected the clergy. Such a temporary depression measure was justified, but in the following years when tobacco prices were much higher, the ministers complained. Even so, defenders of the established church in the legislature failed to repeal the law, holding to greater profits and smaller taxes. Vestries upheld the lawmakers. The parsons invoked the king's authority to void the ruinous act, and went to court against their vestries. The most noteworthy case was that of James Maury, rector of Fredericksville parish, which came up in Hanover court in 1763, "the parsons' cause." The parsons lost:

"The jury, partially composed of Presbyterians, brought in a verdict of one penny damages and the court refused a new trial." The jury expressed in its "one-penny verdict" the rising public resentment against a dying system. Appearing for the vestry, Patrick Henry delivered the speech which made him famous. Very characteristically, it had little to do with the law of the case, but the case proved a long-desired opportunity to denounce the scorned setup and its doctrine, and proclaim a principle of the Revolution "that a king, by annulling or disallowing acts of so salutary a nature, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to his subjects' obedience." For these men "the parsons' cause" meant escape from the chains of the established church, and a step to freedom of worship.

At the General Convention of representatives of the colony in 1776 the Declaration of Rights was unanimously adopted, proclaiming in its 16th article: "That religion, or the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence, and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience; and that it is the mutual duty of all to practice Christian forbearance, love and charity towards each other."

When the Virginia Bill of Rights was adopted, Jefferson was writing the young nation's Declaration of Independence at the Continental Congress

at Philadelphia. He did not write Article 16 of the Virginia Bill of Rights, but from then on he became the leading and eventually the victorious spirit of the struggle for religious freedom.

At Virginia's General Assembly in the fall of 1776, he commenced his great crusade for religious freedom, repeal of all acts contrary to the principle of religious freedom, and the disestablishment of the established church. He became a member of the Committee on Religion. Petitions for true realization of religious freedom flooded in. The struggle had begun. He later recalled it as the severest contest in which he had ever engaged. "Our great opponents were honest men, but zealous churchmen. After desperate contests in committee, we prevailed so far only, as to repeal the laws which rendered criminal the maintenance of any religious opinions, the forbearance of repairing to church, or the exercise of any mode of worship; and further, to exempt dissenters from contributions to the support of the established church; and to suspend, only until the next session, levies on the members of that church for the salaries of their own incumbents. For although the majority of our citizens were dissenters, as has been observed, a majority of the legislature were churchmen. Among these, however, were some reasonable and liberal men, who enabled us, on some points, to obtain feeble majorities."

Jefferson did not succeed in repealing the legal tie connecting the Establishment with the state. When, how-

ever, the convention made effective an act temporarily suspending the levy for support of the Anglican ministers and expressing the conviction that it was "judged best that this should be done for the present by voluntary contributions," the established church had lost the battle. Although Jefferson complained, there remains the fact "that no taxes for religious purposes were ever paid in Virginia after Jan. 1, 1777."

Jefferson was appointed governor of Virginia on June 1, 1779. His supporters there sponsored, on June 12, the bill which was the same as one Jefferson had drafted in 1777. This was intended to prepare for the next step. Although it effected merely a statement of policy, laws providing salaries for clergy of the established church were perpetually suspended at this session.

Between 1779 and 1784 the established church approached dissolution. Voluntary support became more and more difficult to get. Subscriptions for parishes were advertised and church properties sold. The bond of church to state, in other times a source of strength and dominance, now became a fetter, hindering any reconstruction.

In 1784 Jefferson was Minister at Paris, leaving behind as his faithful interpreter a loyal friend, James Madison. Supporters of the Protestant Episcopal church, the new name of the Anglican church in Virginia, now asked "for an act of incorporation by way of adjusting its condition to the existing state of affairs." A memorial

expressly requested self-government for the clergy of the church, independence, and a change in the laws "which restrain the said church from the like power of self-government, as is enjoyed by all other religious societies."

This disclosed the critical situation of the established church and a policy of opposing general regulation of the problem as proposed by Jefferson while making small concessions. Opportunity seemed near to restore the role of the establishment under conditions adjusted "to the existing state of affairs." The bill was passed on Dec. 22, 1784. The Protestant Episcopal church had gained incorporation.

The next step was to restore financial subsidy. Petitions were presented for general assessment for support of religious teachers. A bill was brought in providing for teachers of the Christian religion. Two principles were emphasized, first, that the state ought to support the general diffusion of Christianity; second, the state ought not to give preeminence to any sect. It provided for general assessments by civil authority, and allowed each ratepayer to indicate the church which should receive the amount of his tax.

This was the time for action. The whole question was reopened. Opposition of men like Washington and Patrick Henry made the contest even more tense and decisive. But Madison seized the moment for final victory. There was no doubt about honesty of thought, as expressed by the high-ranking and high-minded conservatives, but Madison and his friends saw,

as in the earlier struggles, the forces of reaction rallying behind these men, not to support them, but to move forward at the right moment to achieve their own designs. The proposal to establish Christianity as the state religion supported by public tax discriminated against non-Christians. Would it end such aims, or begin a new era when parliament should define the "true" Christian creed?

At the instance of George Mason and other friends, Madison wrote his famous *Memorial and Remonstrance*, setting forth the principle that religion did not come within the cognizance of government, either as to the support of worship or as to inquiry into individual faith. This was circulated for signature. Both groups drew up strong forces. The reconvening Assembly was almost evenly divided when the *Bill for Establishing a support for teachers of the Christian Religion* was defeated by three votes. With this the assessment bill was also done for.

The close margin, and growing popular sentiment encouraged a decisive offensive. On Dec. 14, 1785, Jefferson's bill for religious freedom was again brought up, six years after James Harvie's first attempt. On Dec. 17 the bill passed the House by a vote of 74 to 20. Madison's leadership and convincing plea had won over almost half the opposition. Minor changes made by the Senate were accepted by the House, and on Jan. 16, 1786, the *Act for establishing religious freedom* became law. The struggle had been won.

For the first time in Virginia, a

father who refused to subscribe to all the confessions of the Episcopal creed could claim the prerogative of guardianship over his own children; and for the first time, too, a Roman Catholic could testify in court.

The struggle was fierce, opposing issues stubbornly defended. But there was one unanimous point of agreement: belief in God must be preserved.

The bill had received a personal accent from its author, recording ideological principles which dominated Jefferson's creed and philosophy. Jefferson was a true son of his time.

Brought up in an era which had its roots in Western Europe, Jefferson's approach to religion and philosophy was purely rationalistic. No innovator, his aim was not to find out new principles, or new arguments, never before thought of, not merely to say things which had never been said before, but to place before mankind the common sense of the subject, in terms so plain and firm as to command their assent. However, he was the man to pursue, even with radical zeal, effectuation of principles which he held true. The Declaration of Independence was a declaration against political tyranny; his *Statute of Religious Freedom* was a correlative declaration against suppression of mind and conscience.

Jefferson was by no means antireligious. His belief in God, his rationalistic creed, were manifested in many ways. On the other hand, he was not free of prejudice, and inclined to exaggerated partiality. He held that the true teachings of Christ had been de-

stroyed by sectarianism and religious slavery; and that ecclesiastical tyranny, using the power of the state, had attempted to subjugate the free mind of man and was eager to build up a wall between God and man. Jefferson's anticlerical attitude arose mainly from antipathy to any kind of ecclesiastical organization. With Locke he regarded the church as a purely human institution not essential to religion. Religion was to him "a matter between our Maker and ourselves." He regarded himself as a Christian rejecting revelation, the mystery of faith, or the need of devotion; a rationalist excluding all emotion from his search for truth. He held "that the purposes of society do not require a surrender of all our rights." He distinguishes between changeable laws of the state and "inherent and unalienable rights of man." "No society can make a perpetual constitution, or even a perpetual law." This is his maxim throughout the act establishing religious freedom, and forms an indispensable part of the Jeffersonian system. As against the principle, "no government without the consent of the governed," is the impassable barrier of the unchangeable natural law, established by the Creator in the conscience of man. Consent of the governed and limits of natural law are maxims to keep in mind in judging Jefferson's principle and are the elements of true Jeffersonianism, not the decadent doctrine developed under the influence of 19th century positivism. But it is not solely American.

Jefferson's bill belongs to the most

precious accomplishments of the American Revolution, but its basic principles were founded deeper: they belong to the Christian inheritance of this nation. While the French revolutionaries broke as completely as they could with Christianity, the American Founding Fathers dug deeper into its authentic sources. Protestant men like Jefferson or Madison were separated from Rome, but they had not severed relations with the sources of Christianity. Thence derives the basic value of the principles of the bill, and its outstanding actuality in our time. "In reviewing the history of the times," Jefferson wrote, "through which we have passed, no portion of it gives greater satisfaction, on reflection, than that which presents the efforts of the friends of religious free-

dom. We have solved by fair experiment, the great and interesting question whether freedom of religion is compatible with order in government, and obedience to the laws. And we have experienced the quiet as well as the comfort which results from leaving every one to profess freely and openly those principles of religion which are the inductions of his own reason, and the serious convictions of his own inquiries."

Thomas Jefferson may well boast posthumously that he was the author of the *Statute for Religious Freedom*, and we may well be grateful to him. The Protestant church may not boast, however, since it was won over their opposition by the determined effort of a great man.



One World

The Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, in Washington, D. C., was established in February, 1919, and now has alumni scattered over the five continents, from the snowy peaks of Newfoundland to Cape Town in South Africa. In peacetime it was the proud boast of the school that an alumnus could travel around the world and, by dining with his fraternity brothers in the various countries, not buy a single meal. Such a venture would be a little impractical today, but it is nevertheless true that there are men in almost every corner of the globe who remember how the spire of their beloved alma mater at Georgetown rises proudly into the sky from the banks of the Potomac, casting long shadows across the campus in the late-afternoon sunshine; how the thick, green ivy twines over the walls of the chapel; and how carefree were the days spent in the School of Foreign Service.

Marie Hayden in the *Vincentian* (May '43).

You Can't Beat the Dutch

By GERALD L. CLARK

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

An officer acquaintance of mine in the Dutch Merchant Marine came to San Francisco on a belated furlough of three months after three years of unmolested voyaging through war-infested waters. During the furlough, our friendship ripened; I saw much of him aboard ship and in his hotel room, drinking black coffee, while he regaled me with stories of his native Holland. Back home is his little family, his wife and four boys. The youngest, only ten days old when he last saw him, is now four.

The captain, as he is called, is 43, sociable and jovial, square-jawed and unafraid of anything that floats, flies or dives; his equanimity excels that of anyone I ever met. He is a zealous convert, having entered the Church just before his marriage 18 years ago. On his tongue are scores of instances of Catholic Action as it is working in Holland today.

Somehow I had always thought of Holland as a Protestant country, but Catholics make up 34% of the population, while Protestants comprise but 25%. The rest profess no religion.

For a century or more, a great annual procession had been held in Amsterdam to honor the Holy Eucharist. That stopped with the Reformation. Even after the adoption of the new constitution of the Netherlands early

in the 19th century, public religious processions were forbidden by law in North Holland, where the Protestant majority prevailed.

About 1890 a parish priest in Amsterdam sought to revive the ancient devotion. "Surely," he said to himself, "they cannot call it a public religious procession if the Holy Eucharist is not borne publicly, no public prayers are said, no hymns sung, no banners displayed." So with a scant dozen men in the dead of night he retraced the route of the old procession in the days of faith. With rosaries in their hands, their shuffling feet alone broke the silence. Thus was born the *stille Omgang*, the silent procession of Amsterdam. Meeting no opposition from authorities, each year it grew incredibly larger, until in the last year before the invasion, 250,000 men (no women or children), each whispering his Rosary, filed silently through the ancient streets of Amsterdam at midnight on two consecutive nights, to fill all the churches of the city for the hour of adoration that followed. So great was the crowd that from 15 to 20 special trains were needed.

The captain described the Dutch solution of the problem of religious education. It was basically the same as ours: state-supported schools where no religion was taught, to avoid offending

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. May, 1943.

one or the other religious creed. In 1918 the Catholic party, numbering a third of the legislature, formed a coalition with the Protestant parties, who comprised one-fourth. Together they enacted a law according religious private schools equality with nonreligious public schools, so that all were staffed, equipped, and maintained at state expense.

From that time on, if in any Netherlands town as many as 40 parents sign a petition requesting a Catholic school for their children, that municipality must build, equip and maintain a Catholic school. Similarly, 40 Protestant parents can obtain a Protestant school. The neutral state school is always there for children of those who have no religious belief. In smaller towns, where the number of Catholics does not justify the building of a special school, the municipality must furnish free textbooks and transport the children to the nearest Catholic school. As a result of these arrangements, 99% of the Catholic children are in Catholic schools.

Every large city has its Catholic *daily* newspaper. Some of them, like Amsterdam and Rotterdam, have two. These are up-to-the-minute journals, staunchly supported by both advertisers and subscribers. Some years ago, when an Amsterdam daily revealed symptoms of failing health, a delegation of subscribers called upon the bishop to learn the reason. Hearing that it had an enormous debt, they subscribed double the needed money and revived it.

The radio situation is unique. To prevent jamming of the airways, Holland is allowed only two major broadcasting stations. Abundant voluntary subscriptions defray expenses. (There are no commercials, no soap operas!) One of these stations is leased jointly by Liberals and Social Democrats, and the other by Catholics and Protestants, each party taking alternate days through its respective station. Under this arrangement the Catholics long ago began a series of doctrinal instructions on alternate Friday evenings. Protestants replied at the same hour on their Friday evenings, so that the series grew into a sort of informal debate, and became one of the most popular programs on the air in Holland. A high light was reached one evening when a nationally known contralto who had long been a fixture on the Protestant hour began singing on the Catholic program! During the previous week she had been received into the Church.

Then, too, there is the Grail, directed by the Women of Nazareth. This congregation, one of the most modern in the Church, is composed of university graduates whose aim is to spread Catholic doctrine through example and instruction. No work is too humble. They mingle with the poor, tend the sick, give catechetical instruction, mind the children of parents who work or who otherwise could not go to church, do housework for the needy; they bring Christ into humble homes by spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

With the coming of war, much of the outward activity of the Church in Holland has been curtailed. But Catholic and non-Catholic alike have turned to it in ever-increasing numbers as the voice of their national hopes and the bulwark of their independence. Before the war, none but Catholic women wore the cross as a bit of jewelry. Now

it is worn by all alike, Catholic and non-Catholic, men and women, believers and atheists, as a token of solidarity against the crooked cross of nazism. The courage of the Church has won the admiration of the Dutch, for the Church denies the sacraments and Christian burial to Dutchmen who join the nazi party.



Laugh Yourself

It is not a sufficient explanation to say of a joke that it is silly; that is what jokes are for. If you ask some sincere and elemental person, a woman, for instance, what she thinks of a good sentence from Dickens, she will say that it is "too silly." When Mr. Weller, senior, assured Mr. Weller, junior, that *circumvented* was "a more tenderer word" than *circumscribed*, the remark was at least as silly as it was sublime. It is vain, then, to object to "senseless jokes."

The very definition of a joke is that it need have no sense; except that one wild and supernatural sense which we call the sense of humor. Humor is meant, in a literal sense, to make game of man; that is, to dethrone him from his official dignity and hunt him like game. It is meant to remind us human beings that we have things about us as ungainly and ludicrous as the nose of the elephant or the neck of the giraffe. If laughter does not touch a sort of fundamental folly, it does not do its duty in bringing us back to an enormous and original simplicity.

Nothing has been worse than the modern notion that a clever man can make a joke without taking part in it; without sharing in the general absurdity that such a situation creates. It is unpardonable conceit not to laugh at your own jokes. Joking is undignified; that is why it is so good for one's soul. Do not fancy you can be a detached wit and avoid being a buffoon; you cannot. If you are the Court Jester you must be the Court Fool.

From *Alarms and Discursions* by G. K. Chesterton (Dodd, 1911).

Nazi Art Collectors

By JEANNETTE HEGEMAN

Condensed from *America**

Goering gets another decoration

The Dutch, accustomed to every form of cruelty and lawlessness under the nazis, are furious over the loss of their masterpieces. Some of those paintings had hung for hundreds of years in churches, private collections and public buildings. They were a part of the country and the lives of the people, to whom each week or month brings some new misfortune.

It seems that Hitler has taken time lately to think about his school days in upper Austria. Linz is the city responsible for his education. As an expression of gratitude to the community that did so much for him, he decided to present it with a superb art collection—from the Netherlands. The paintings could be considered “donations” to the Reich from the generous Dutch people, who had been so kind in “giving” their beautiful things to the invaders.

Accordingly, Hans Posse, former director of the Dresden Gallery, was summoned to Berlin, and plans were made for the colossal theft. Almost before the Dutch were aware of what was happening, 1,200 of their treasured paintings, some of them priceless, were taken out of the country. A short time later, Goebbels' newspaper, *Das Reich*, reported this “gift.”

Belgium is mourning the loss of the magnificent altarpiece, *Adoration of*

the Lamb, handed over to Goering for adornment of his palatial home. The Reichsmarshal is said to have kept track of its whereabouts, through spies, ever since the nazis marched into Belgium.

This greatest, most extraordinary Flemish painting of all time was completed in 1432 by the brothers Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, for the St. Bavon Cathedral in Ghent, in 20 panels, with 300 separate figures. During the first World War, two panels were stolen by the Germans and taken to Berlin. They were called *Wings of the Adoration*, and were displayed in the Berlin Museum for several years. The Versailles Treaty provided for their return to the Ghent cathedral, where the altarpiece had been a part of a chapel for more than 500 years. Here it was restored to all its former glory, and thousands of visitors were struck silent by its majestic beauty.

This theft is to Belgians what the loss of the old masters is to Hollanders. It symbolized all that was beautiful in Flemish art, and was so much a part of Belgium that it bore the same relation to medieval Ghent as the masterpieces of the Vatican do to Rome.

At the beginning of the present war, the Belgians, remembering the pillage of the last war, sent it to southwestern France for safekeeping. The city of

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. May 1, 1943.

Pau, in the Pyrenees mountains, was considered far enough removed from nazi hordes to ensure safety. It remained in the museum of the French city until a few weeks after the Germans occupied Vichy.

Goering, the art connoisseur, knew that the painting was at Pau, and demanded it. Abel Bonnard, Minister of Fine Arts in the Vichy government, complied. What the Vichy regime had to do with this crime is a question; it may or may not have known of it.

Weeks went by before the Belgians learned the fate of the Van Eyck painting. The editor of one of the nation's

numerous underground newspapers, *La Libre Belgique*, heard of it but wished to check all sources of information regarding its loss before reporting to his countrymen. That was done, the information found correct in every detail, and today all Belgians grieve.

But, in grief, they are hopeful that the painting will come back to Ghent some day not too remote. It has survived more than five centuries of sieges, wars and revolutions. They believe some provision will be made, after this war, for its safe return to St. Bavon's, where it will again become a Belgian treasure.



Jail the Parents

For the past 20 years we have been told that slums are the breeding place of crime. But in some defense-work areas, where there is no want, crime among teen-age children has increased 100% during the last year.

A man or woman is held responsible for damage done by their property, be it dog, bull or automobile. They are not held accountable for a child. It amounts to this: I keep my dog at home because I am liable for the damage he may do. I let my daughter become a tramp in the streets because I am too stupid to keep her at home. When she gets into trouble she takes the rap; I get sympathy.

Parents complain they have no control over their young ones. A Bronx cheer for that one. If I were sure that they would put *me* in the clink if my youngster gets into trouble, I would keep him home.

The Tab-o-graph (March-April '43).



Jail the Parents?

Judge Clay S. Grouse of Beckley, W. Va., has devised a drastic method of stopping juvenile crime. "The parents are responsible," says the judge, "put *them* in jail. Just make a start and all parents will wake up."

Not so bad, if divorce didn't make it almost impossible to get the right parents.

Martin McCabe in the *Catholic Home Journal* (April '43).

Portrait of a Gentleman

By JAMES GALVIN, C.S.S.R.

Wisdom without books

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

To listen to Mercedes in the darkness of a starry evening you would think him old beyond reckoning, like the high lama of some timeless Shangri-la. His words had a sort of bouquet like aged wine. He spoke of Spanish friars and *conquistadores* as though he remembered their faces. Stories from days of his father's childhood he recounted with all the tang and action of something that occurred this afternoon. His was a hoary, almost prehistoric quality, as when he pointed out the planted hillsides of his native valley, and told of days when they were virgin woodlands, of dense underbrush bright with the flash of tropical birds. "These hills used to be mountains when I was a youngster," he would begin, "and there were no more than five *fincas* (farms) in the valley of Anón! My father's farm was up yonder shaded by tall cocoa-palms and breadfruit." It was his favorite theme: the storied past of his little Puerto Rican valley. In the cool darkness of the tropical night one would think he was three times his 40 Aprils.

By day he looked much younger than his age. He was a short, well-built little *jibaro*, straight and limber as a riding crop; not athletic, but lean and very trim. His legs were tough from his many years of walking barefoot over mountains; his forearms were firm as

plough handles; his neck like that of an ox. Sunlight and the open air had made his face brown and smooth like native wood. His skin was brown, a much darker brown than his khaki riding clothes, for three races, Spanish, Carib-Indian, and Negro, mingled in his blood. His glance was shrewd, his laughter quick and hearty among friends; and when he spoke, his words were slow and painfully precise, so that although you knew but little of his Spanish you somehow caught the meaning of everything he said.

When we first met he was sitting in his doorway looking across the road at the chapel with the steep green hills beyond. Years ago Mercedes and his brothers had donated an acre of their *finca* to the Church, and the padres built there a pretty mission chapel embellished with lawns and flagstone walks, and surrounded with a hedge of flowering shrubbery. Mercedes was appointed sexton and custodian, an honor he prized beyond telling. Thus he had come to build there his simple house of wood, still unpainted. That is why he was sitting at the doorway, for he had been expecting the new padre all afternoon. He was just lighting a cigarette as I came up the roadway; and though he had never met me in his life he hailed me instantly, "*Buenas tardes, Padre. Sea Vd. bienvenido*"

*Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. May, 1943.

(Good afternoon, Father. You are welcome).

He was correct. I was the new padre, fresh from the States and for the first time feeling foreign. I could muster a dozen Spanish phrases, and Mercedes knew no English at all.

But the bottleneck of language was nothing to Mercedes. He had overcome it many times before. Every three years he tackled it as a new padre dismounted at Anón. And so as we shook hands he began to talk, and I began to listen. My first lesson had begun! He started with the simple words I knew, linking and mixing them in incredible combinations, never faltering in his flow of thought, yet with always the same simple words. As time went on he deftly kneaded more pretentious words into his speech, words with a flavor and wholesome crunch to them, sounds with the flicker and crackle of ox whips. But before using one of these words he would pause to explain it. "We have an interesting phrase for a man who talks too much, Padre"—and he would go into a 20-minute prelude involving anything from politics to Puerto Rican wedding customs. But thereafter whenever that word cropped up, its meaning was clear as a quoit.

Mercedes knew no rules of syntax. He had never used a grammar in his life, but his taste for words and sense of usage was amazing. For an untutored *jibaro* he had more of the flavor and fine points of language than many an M.A. For one thing, he had the knack of descriptive definition. No

matter what you asked him, he could define it with the clarity and precision of the Spanish Academy! "Mercedes, what does *cucubano* mean?" It might take a whole evening to exhaust the subject of *cucubanos*, but at length you knew it meant a firefly, the double-barreled tropical variety that glimmer large and green like the eyes of a cat.

Those first weeks were like Adam's in paradise, giving to every new thing its proper Spanish name. The oxen ploughing mountainsides were *bueyes*; my chapel was *la capilla*; *enredadera* was the pink speckled vine that covered the chapel door. When I lunched it was *almuerzo*. My old familiar world had vanished before the music of new and alien names.

Attuning the ear to Spanish was no trouble at all, for Mercedes reveled in speech. He discoursed on anything at hand: the dry weeks of Lent, the tobacco crop; politics, my next day's sermon, or the way to shoe a young colt. He would repeat an idea in a dozen different ways, molding phrases so slowly and clearly that you could transpose and reassemble his trickery of syntax in your mind. His sentences made sense. You could approximate the meaning of almost every word. You felt momentarily like a master of the language, unless you ventured a story or explained something yourself! But even then his lightening skill at disentangling raveled nouns and knotted participles divined to the comma what you had in mind. Before you opened your mouth, he put phrases on your lips, phrases you would never

dream of using, just as though they were on the tip of your tongue. And if your gallant little sentence, as often happened, struck an uncharted air pocket, if you should leave a dozen frantic syllables kicking helplessly in midair, Mercedes was tossing you a neat Castilian parachute to land it like a bird.

From association with padres, Mercedes, with his innate cunning, discerned that his native tongue was not their only cross. There was some intangible whatnot in his people, something in their way of thinking, that to an *americano* proved a bewildering riddle. There were so many things the padres misconstrued. Background and temperament were different, and Mercedes foresaw a hundred painful situations unless the padre learned to comprehend the Latin temper. It was imperative for missionary efficiency. And so the aim of all Mercedes' converse was to attune me to his racial frequency. Almost every story furnished new and startling angles on the Latin point of view, on Puerto Rican character and customs. He never tired of tallying his race's foibles and redeeming graces, and nothing was more welcome than the word *why*.

There were so many things to master, so many things to mention and explain; horsemanship; the lay of the land; the names of the people, where their houses were; where to find good drinking water in the mountains; which of a dozen bypaths a horse could best negotiate; the customs and *fiestas* of the chapel.

Early my first morning at Anón, Mercedes initiated me in the secrets of harnessing, telling me the Spanish for bridle and stirrup and every point of import in a horse. Then he swung into the saddle to demonstrate the knack of mounting and managing reins; and to complete the lesson he rode up the hills with me, and all around the barrio from the Cerro de San Lorenzo to the Monte de Oro, from La Jitas to San Salvador. We cut through fields of ripening rice and then through cool banana groves, as Mercedes introduced the new padre to every household on the way. I learned more in an hour than I could in a month of systematic census-taking, for as we passed each straw-covered cottage or prosperous farm, Mercedes would turn to me and rapidly classify its owner: witch doctor, ne'er-do-well, churchgoer, catechist, gambler, good honest farmer.

Even in the loneliest pockets of the mountains he knew everyone by name. He could trace their ancestry through generations and tell their kinship by marriage or business or necessity with everyone. There were no secrets. If a man was distilling contraband *cañita*; if his wife sought to parley with the dead, Mercedes said nothing, but he knew. Were a baby born at midnight, a drunkard stabbed, a girl abducted, or some tobacco barn burnt down, by cockcrow Mercedes would know it to the last detail.

But that was to be expected, for Mercedes was a sort of confidante to everyone. Day after day he walked from house to house along the moun-

tains, pausing in the fields to talk to ploughmen with their oxen, passing the time of day with some toothless patriarch; and by all means entering to take a *traguito de café* from the woman of the house. To the youngsters he gave counsel or told stories; and at last coming round to business (this was his livelihood), if there was any livestock to be sold in the city, a yoke of oxen, a suckling pig for barbecue, a turkey, or a field of tobacco, Mercedes would negotiate the deal. The complicated transactions of the city were beyond the simple country-folk, the *jibaros*. Merchants fleeced them, or they lost their money on the journey home; and knowing that Mercedes was shrewd at bargaining and honest as a field of corn, they gladly let him act as middleman, an office he sometimes performed without a centavo to himself.

The *camino real*, main route of travel between mountains and city, passed between the chapel and Mercedes' house. It was a stony path despite bare-foot *jibaros*, oxen, and heavily laden horses forever passing up and down. Youngsters scurried down with bulging bales of green tobacco balanced on their heads. Others passed with great stalks of plantains and baskets of fresh-dug yams. Sometimes a man came down bearing a midget coffin strewn with gay red flowers, or a bride rode by on horseback with her veil blowing in the wind. Grief and Laughter, Sin and Innocence, Love, Poverty, and Death went down the road outside Mercedes' house, and likely as not they

loitered a moment at his open door.

His time and energy were at everyone's disposal, as was his house and everything he owned. He was always giving: a word of counsel to a lovelorn *muchacha*, a penny to a cripple or a beggar; a lesson in cattle-trading to Tomás, his eldest son; or perhaps a cup of new-made coffee to some passerby.

It was little that Mercedes had: a patch of mountainland for crops; a three-room house for his wife and a dozen growing children, and perhaps \$25 in ready money tucked under his Sunday clothes in a corner of his small tin trunk. But he had sufficient, and God would provide for tomorrow.

He was sovereignly content. He desired nothing more. Modern conveniences he admired with cool detachment: teacups, easy chairs, pianos, and all the wonders of electricity. What need had he of movies when he could sit at his doorstep and watch the pageantry of nature and all the neighbors passing up and down the road? His brother-in-law, Luis Camacho, could strum a guitar or mandolin as well as any *musico*; and had taught his art to Pedro, Mercedes' son. What need then of radios or phonographs? There was no flaw in his simple logic, and for all its poverty his little house was anything but dull. There was singing there and laughter and interesting conversation at any hour of the day.

It was a pleasure to call. Offhand and unpretentious, it mattered not a mango who you were, a lawyer, some official from the capital, a visiting pa-

dre from the States, the mayor, or even Su Señoría, the Bishop of San Juan. Mercedes never altered a particle. There was no foolish fuss about appearances, no panicky embarrassment, no scuffle of consternation as you hove in sight. He stood at the doorway and welcomed you, and you knew he meant it, "Put yourself at ease." He bowed you graciously onto one of his backless benches, the one sign of furnishing in the room. Soon you gratefully accepted coffee; Petronila poured it out from a charred tin can. Mercedes, who had often dined at the mayor's, could calculate exactly the gap between the comforts of the city and his own; but he made no apologies. He was playing host to you after the princely fashion of the country, and there he sat entertaining you, heedless of chickens pecking corn beneath him, swinging gently in his hammock hung between rafters and wall. There was no veneering of reality; you found him and his happy household exactly as they ordinarily were.

When I rode out to my chapel on a Friday, I invariably dismounted at Mercedes'. Petronila, hearing the hoofbeats, would be at the door to greet me, with Rosa María, her youngest, gurgling in her strong brown arms. "Your blessing, Padre! Come in, Padre. Come in." And I would sit down while Filomena, who helps in the kitchen, squeezed me a tart *refresco* of orange or unsweetened tamarind. Pedro would take my horse and lead him off to pasture. Chele, my heavy saddlebags slung over his shoulder, would toddle

for the chapel across the road. Fernando would hustle to fill my water jug. And Mercedes as sexton would open the chapel and ring the bell to announce the padre's coming to the countryside. It was unfailing ritual. And were Mercedes himself away on business Tomás or Hipólito would take a turn at ringing the bells.

They were trained by Mercedes. Each had a task. Everyone did something towards the upkeep and order of his household. The eldest boys, Tomás, Hipólito, and Pedro, ploughed and tended the crops. Fernando, with a knife as big as himself, scouted kindling all day. Chele tethered the cow and fed the hens and turkeys. Domingo went to school. Geraldo swept the floor after a fashion and sometimes ran errands for his mother. José was sickly and did nothing but whimper and scowl. Petra sang lullabies all day, rocking little Rosa María in her burlap hammock. And Filomena washed and ironed the family clothes. They were strong, healthy children ranging in years from one to 21, all bright and well-behaved.

Mercedes never scolded. I never heard him raise his voice. Glance or whisper was enough. When he sat down with a visitor, the children were seen but never heard. There was not a spoiled one among them.

But after supper his dozen were very much "seen and heard," especially when there were no services. Then they would tussle and tag one another all over the soft cool lawns, yelling and laughing. Mercedes let them play,

and would soon come ambling over, and cross his legs beside me on the chapel steps. Our perch on the warm concrete made a grandstand seat to watch the sunset: the valley slowly filling up with little rills and pools of darkness and the sky still bright behind the crowded hills. The Monte de Oro was literally a mountain of gold, and Mercedes, scanning the gorgeous heavens, would be filled with prophecy and would solemnly prognosticate the weather. It would be fair and warm, a perfect day to cross the hills to San Lorenzo and visit Doña Belén who was very sick. Then he would tell me exactly how to go to Quebrada Baja; exactly where to find the little house; and where to stop for dinner (at his

married daughter Juana's) on the way home.

One of the youngsters had caught a *cucubano*, squealing with glee as it lit his fist up like a jack-o'-lantern. It was dark now and cool, and the sky was thick with stars. One by one Mercedes sent them home, continuing his Puerto Rican odyssey of feuds and cyclones and *fiestas* in the days of Spain; asking news of Hitler and his latest blitz; wondering whether he would bomb Puerto Rico.

A candle was burning feebly in his house across the road; the family was waiting for him to lead the rosary. Together we would close up the chapel. "*Buenas noches, Padre; la bendición.*" "God bless you, Mercedes."



Enough

It is significant that the highest statements of purpose that have been spoken during the present war have come from men other than professional philosophers. It has been such leaders as Pope Pius XII, President Roosevelt, and Prime Minister Churchill who have given voice to the truth and the hope that lie deepest in the human heart. Yet in contrast to the intuitions of the people and their best leaders, and in contrast as well to the realities of the war, many of the philosophers in America still stand in the decay of a dead era. They still profess the doctrines of the materialism, the determinism, and the experimentalism that have brought only disaster in their wake. While men freely die in order that their nation and their countrymen may remain free, they still teach that the freedom of the individual will is but a delusion. While men and nations die for the truth and for what is good, they continue to teach that the true "is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as 'the right' is only the expedient in the way of behaving."

John K. Ryan in *New Scholasticism* (Oct. '42).

China Builds for the Future

By H. G. QUARITCH WALES

Condensed from *The Sign**

How is it that China, her factory cities destroyed, foreign aid inadequate, has yet been able to hold out year after year against the well-equipped Japanese war machine? In part it is due to the possession of an indomitable will for freedom, in part, to China's discovery that inexhaustible manpower can replace expensive machinery. And though first used to meet pressing needs of war, this discovery will hasten permanent, widespread industrialization. Asiatics are not going to wait until the West can spare them capital, plant and machine tools. Asia's impoverished rural millions have already set foot on the path to power and prosperity.

In 1938 millions of destitute refugees were streaming westward from China's looted coastal cities. With them were an American missionary, the late Joseph Bailie, and a New Zealander named Rewi Alley, a former Shanghai factory inspector. With the help of patriotic Chinese engineers working for a pittance, they founded the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives—Indusco, as they are now generally known.†

Notices were posted in cities and villages of the interior calling Chinese refugees to work. Those with mechanical experience helped the others. They first organized into cooperative units

in the province of Shensi. The capital required was surprisingly small. A spinning and weaving unit could be started with as little as \$50. Wherever at least seven workers could get together they could start a unit. Each agreed to buy at least three \$2 shares and not more than 20. Loans provided by Indusco made it possible for the most indigent workers to buy shares by paying only 5c down.

A unit started work in any available community building. Indistinguishable from other houses in the village, it was protected from Japanese bombers. If the workers possessed a small mobile plant they were careful to run it on smokeless charcoal fuel. And they were ready to pack and move to another village at a moment's notice.

Now there are thousands of Indusco units all over Free China. One reason for success is their purely native industry grafted onto the old family system. The old-style Chinese family business never expanded in the western manner but when more capital was available set up a new unit remaining under parental control. Such cooperatives continue to set up new units which though separately run are federated to give each other any needed assistance. Every shareholder has a vote (and only one vote) in the general administration of his unit.

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1941, p. 62.

*Union City, N. J. May, 1943.

Another factor that has helped Indusco is survival among the Chinese of the old handicrafts tradition. To a keen sense for handicrafts the trained engineers sought to add such improvements as they could. Steelmakers poured the metal into molds by hand methods. Weavers turned once more to the hand loom, though they substituted an iron gear for the wooden one, a simple change that enabled them to produce in an hour what had formerly required a whole day. But the best example of the manner in which redesigning of an old type machine has led to a new efficiency is the spinning wheel.

Americans helping Indusco in its early struggles found the spinning wheel in use in western China exactly similar to that used in ancient Egypt. The wheel is turned by the right hand while the left hand feeds the wool to the spindle point, a slow business. So the idea occurred of introducing the American spinning wheel of colonial days, with its foot treadle operation. They sent home for one and ingenious Chinese carpenters had no difficulty copying it. A co-op factory at Chengtu was detailed to the task and turned out 100 American-style machines daily at a cost of 30c each. In addition they improved upon the model by making spinning forks of aluminum from shot-down Japanese planes. The new type of machine is now in use all over Free China and can produce four times as much as the old Chinese wheel.

Indusco units are designed to make whatever articles are warranted by the raw material available locally. The only

difficulty is distribution, for communications are generally bad. Indusco has to depend in the main on mule caravans and porters to get its products to the people.

The co-ops were originally concerned only with such basic necessities as small arms and ammunition, uniform textiles, blankets, and bandages, but their manufactures are continually more inclusive. For example, they now make soap, leather goods, paper, glass, electric batteries, towels, boats, matches, and chemicals. Besides spinning wheels, machine shops also make charcoal-burning motors and printing presses. These are much in demand among cooperatives, for the Chinese are anxious not only to be kept informed of their own activities, but are interested in world news.

One enterprise in particular makes ever-increasing demands on printing presses. It is the unceasing effort of the Chinese to abolish illiteracy through the medium of schools the co-ops have set up all over the country. These are aimed at educating not only children but also adult workers, for many among the poor refugees are illiterate. At the same time the Baile technical schools are training various grades of artisans as well as skilled engineers. Co-ops run their own hospitals, too. And these also are democratically governed. This, and the fortunate circumstance that inexhaustible manpower is backed by vast coal, iron, and other raw-material resources, indicates survival of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Campbell, Francis Stuart. *The Menace of the Herd*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 398 pp. \$4.

A scholar effectively explores the functions and ends of government and reminds us of fundamentals we forgot.

Ducharme, Jacques. *The Shadows of the Trees; the Story of French-Canadians in New England*. New York: Harper. 258 pp. \$2.50.

Customs, education, and attitudes of the million French-Americans who carried their own religion and culture into a new Yankee homeland.

Hawthorne, Hildegard. *California's Missions; their Romance and Beauty*. New York: Appleton-Century. 245 pp. \$5.

Work of the Franciscans (1769-1832) in developing a prosperous Catholic communal culture for the destitute Indians. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam.

Michael, Otto. *The Hour of Barabbas*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 53 pp. \$1.

Short novel of the passion as seen by the terrorist false Messias.

Osgniach, Augustine J., O.S.B. *The Christian State*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 356 pp. \$3.75.

The state arises from man's nature as a social being and exists for the common good of men.

Pratt, E. J. *Brébeuf and His Brethren*. Detroit: Basilian Press. 66 pp. \$1.25.

Able martyrology of the heroic French missionaries, in blank verse.

Rand, Edward Kennard. *The Building of Eternal Rome*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard U. Press. 318 pp. \$3.50.

How the civilization of Rome (it did not decline and fall) is still present for the barbarians to study; told with profound scholarship and limitless love.

Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de. *The Little Prince*. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 91 pp. \$2.

A child from a diminutive planet takes the measure of our world. Illustrations to delight children; text to please adults.

Undset, Sigrid. *Happy Times in Norway*. New York: Knopf. 225 pp. \$2.

The childhood of her children—one of whom was killed by invading nazis—etched for the world as scenes of everyday family life in her homeland, from which she is an exile.

Whittaker, Lieut. James C. *We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing*. New York: Dutton. 139 pp. \$1.50.

Ocean ordeal of the Rickenbacker group; loneliness, thirst and weakness awaken a forgotten sense of dependence on God.

Zavala, Silvio. *New Viewpoints on the Spanish Colonization of America*. Philadelphia: U. of Pa. Press. 118 pp. \$1.25.

Clear summary of Spain's effort to establish fair labor relationships between Indian and colonist in her New World possessions.